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Bust of José de San Martín in Hall of Heroes, Pan American Union.
Photograph by Robert Lautman

Dear Reader

Once more an American hero has journeyed through the streets of New York. This time it was not a living general, but the silent bronze image of one of the noblest soldiers of Latin America's stormy history: José de San Martín. At dawn the equestrian statue was hauled carefully but unceremoniously from the municipal warehouses, and a crane lifted it to its pedestal opposite the Bolívar statue unveiled a few weeks earlier. Thus the enigmatic dialogue of Guayaquil can continue—as in so many other plazas throughout the Continent—above the heads of the millions who pass below without giving a thought to the fate of the two Liberators.

On May 25, anniversary of the first spark of independence in the Río de la Plata basin, the statue was unveiled at the end of the Avenue of the Americas. The ceremony was simple and austere. Last year, the centenary of San Martín's death, the noble virtues of Argentina's founder were recalled throughout the world. The tribute in New York, then, closed a cycle of fitting expressions of American gratitude to one who contributed so decisively to making this a hemisphere of free nations.



In America, history has not always been an impartial record of events but a refuge for powerful passions, and the tidal wave unleashed in San Martín's time is still pounding, even at that high point he shares with Washington and Bolívar. Yet fortunate the hemisphere that produces men of that caliber and with such widely varied characteristics! Washington and Bolívar were almost opposite types, while San Martín had some of their best qualities and few of their shortcomings. His spirit disciplined by army training, he was patient, indomitable in the face of adversity, exacting, and magnanimous. The peoples whose destiny was temporarily controlled by him never suffered at his hand. Indeed, the responsibility itself was farthest from his wishes, for, if anyone in the independence movement lacked personal ambition, it was San Martín. The Saint of the Sword, Ricardo Rojas called him. He was destined to create an orderly, free, and advanced political system in the South. But he had no taste for power. Faced with opposition among those his own genius had liberated, he abandoned a struggle that was repugnant to him.

In the history of America, as in New York, there is room enough so that the figures of the Liberators need not cast shadows on one another. Nations that know how to honor foreign heroes are worthy of their own.

Muntley
Secretary General

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opposite: Serpentine figure, probably Zapotec, from the Robert Oods Bliss Collection, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

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Distinguished educator FRANCISCO AYALA, who wrote "Molder of Men," was born in Granada, Spain, just after the turn of the century. A lawyer, he studied at the University of Madrid where he eventually became a professor, later doing postgraduate work in Germany. He has alternately divided his efforts between creative writing and sociology, publishing a treatise on the latter, *El Problema del Liberalismo*, one of his best-known works. After the Spanish Civil War, Dr. Ayala took up residence in Argentina, teaching at the Universidad del Litoral in Santa Fe. He came to the University of Puerto Rico a year ago, and his sociology classes there attract large, receptive audiences. In addition to his novels, which include *Los Usurpadores* (*The Usurpers*) and *La Cabeza del Cordero* (*The Lamb's Head*), he has written for a number of reviews, among them *Revista de Occidente*, *Sur*, *Realidad*, and *Cuadernos Americanos*.



Five survey trips covering sixteen Latin American republics and a visit to Spain, Portugal, Central Europe, and Belgium to review European Baroque and Rococo went into PÁL KELEMEN's book *Baroque and Rococo in Latin America*, to be published June 5, from which we present one section this month in the "Virgin of Popayán." Mr. Kelemen was born in Budapest and took up the study of art history at the city's university, later going on to the universities of Munich and Paris. Originally concentrating on pre-nineteenth century impressionism, he turned his interests shortly after the First World War toward the sources and manifestations of early Christian art. Coming to the United States, he was profoundly impressed by the great artistic values of pre-Columbian and Spanish Colonial art. Linguist, friend of Rodin, Mr. Kelemen is today a best-selling author and lecturer in this field. For this latest book, nine thousand photographs were collected of which 760 will be published.



One of the most attractive imports AMERICAS has received from Brazil is assistant editor BENEDICTA QUIRINO DOS SANTOS. Born near São Paulo, she graduated from Mackenzie College there, and then worked at the U.S. Consulate in São Paulo. About five years ago, she arrived in the United States, settling in New York City. Later she attended the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill where, in addition to studying journalism and literature, she feels she gained perspective about U.S. life.

With "Haiti Sings," she joins her many AMERICAS colleagues appearing this month as contributors to make this issue practically a "home-grown" product.



AMERICAS Associate Editor ARMANDO DE SÁ PIRES thinks a lot of Belo Horizonte; it's his "Hometown, Brazil." Born there some thirty-three years ago, he was raised in the austere shadow of its Praça da Liberdade. A law graduate of Rio's University of Brazil, Mr. Pires came to the United States in 1941 on an English scholarship and liked the country so much he has lived in it off and on ever since. Before joining AMERICAS in 1949, he was a staff member of the Portuguese language edition of *Reader's Digest* in New York City. Proud of his Minas Gerais accent, which absence does not alter, this genial *belorizontino* reads mystery stories, plays an able piano, and has a sunny Brazilian penchant for shiny new convertibles.



Bolstering her natural charm with a disconcerting accuracy, AMERICAS Assistant Editor BETTY WILSON takes us on a visit this month to the Pan American Union's Columbus Memorial Library. In "This Library Has It," she examines her subject from the topmost stack to the bottommost card file. Born in Philadelphia, Miss Wilson attended school there, eventually graduating from the University of Pennsylvania where she majored in English. To supplement her growing interest in Spanish, she then journeyed south to study literature at the National University of Mexico before returning to the City of Brotherly Love. She joined the Pan American Union in 1948 and has been with AMERICAS from its inception. Unenthusiastic about scrapple and pepper pot, Miss Wilson is nevertheless an excellent cook, a reader of mysteries, and a devotee of classical music.

Among its June books, AMERICAS features Brazilian Jorge de Lima's *Obra Poética*, edited by Otto Maria Carpeaux and reviewed by U.S. poet CHARLES EDWARD EATON, while Mr. Eaton's *Shadow of the Swimmer* is discussed by Brazilian ALCEU AMOROSO LIMA, director of the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs. E. L. REVOL, distinguished young Argentine critic, reviews *El Laberinto de la Soledad* (*The Labyrinth of Solitude*), by Mexican Octavio Paz.

Answers to Quiz on page 47

- | | |
|---------------|----------------------|
| 1. Havana | 6. Pizarro |
| 2. Guayas | 7. Olga Coelho |
| 3. Cuauhtémoc | 8. L. S. St. Laurent |
| 4. Haiti | 9. San Salvador |
| 5. Nicaragua | 10. Uruguay |

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization.



DOLLARS AND SENSE

Alberto Lleras

EMERGENCY POLITICAL COOPERATION was not the only preoccupation of the American Foreign Ministers during their recent Meeting of Consultation in Washington (see AMERICAS, May 1951). From the time the conference was called, even before, it was evident that the emergency had had repercussions on the economic situation in the Americas and that the gathering's chief aim must be to find a joint solution to these problems.

Some commentators—especially in the United States—interpreted the discussion of economic topics as a concession to the Latin American countries by the United States, which thus appeared determined to insure inter-American political unity at all costs. Such oversimplification makes it seem as if the Latin American nations were offering their loyalty in exchange for closer economic ties. This is far from the truth.

At no time was there any basis for that type of negotiation. The Latin American countries were not free to deny their loyalty to the United States in the face of the emergency. Nor was it, in the opinion of the peoples

south of the Rio Grande, an emergency only for the United States. The emergency—point of departure for all the discussions at the Meeting—began at the time the United Nations decided to oppose the aggression in Korea, becoming more serious when the Chinese troops intervened to prevent the international forces from attaining their objective, not only stopping them but forcing them into hasty retreat last winter. During this whole period the American nations had proceeded by common agreement, as members of the world organization. From this standpoint, the Meeting of Consultation could not offer anything new and was not, therefore, strictly indispensable. Then the United States decided to commit itself to a complicated and large-scale program of rearmament, convinced that the Chinese aggression was a clear demonstration of communist imperialism's resolve to use force for the ultimate solution of differences that had become painful issues in the cold war.

The economic consequences in the free world, particularly in Latin America, were bound to be serious. From

the first moment, almost from the instant the rearmament program was announced, the entire Latin American economic system was affected. The United States noticed this reaction and saw the need for coordinating inter-American economic policy to avoid, as far as possible, certain unfortunate consequences of World War II that deeply disturbed the economy as well as the social and political stability of the Latin American nations. Its decision to call the Meeting of Consultation was based more on this consideration than on any other. Even before people in Latin America began speaking of the need to discuss economic problems at the gathering, the first proposed agenda of the Meeting, including economic topics related to the emergency, had been distributed.

Such is the economic interdependence of the contemporary world that the announcement of the U.S. rearmament program could not fail to cause repercussions in every part of the globe, particularly in Latin America, whose import and export markets have been almost exclusively in the United States since the last war. Of course, if there had been no inter-American unity, the United States could have taken all kinds of internal steps to increase its defense potential without consulting the other American nations. This would have produced a deep and quite justified resentment in the countries to the South. For them, the consequences of the previous war were extremely grave, and while certainly none thought of deriving profit from a conflict in which they were allied legally, politically, morally, and materially with the United States, some of those consequences could obviously have been avoided—if not during the war, at least after it. Be that as it may, the fact remains that dependence on U.S. markets and currency produced such disturbances in the Latin American countries that the mere threat of their repetition inspires only fear and alarm.

From the point of view of the man in the street, what happened during the last emergency was this:

a) The war shut off trade between Latin America and the rest of the planet almost completely. As a result, Latin Americans had to pay more for products—buying them from the United States—and sell their own output in a controlled market. In some cases, as with coffee, it became necessary to establish quotas and fix prices to avoid chaos, and yet those prices remained in force even after the U.S. market had expanded enough to absorb the production.

b) Since civilian production was limited in the United States, the Latin American countries accumulated dollars. For lack of available goods, this produced inflation, which few of the countries took practical steps to combat. At the end of the war ceiling prices and export restrictions were lifted in the United States, but goods were still scarce. Latin American merchants used up their dollars in a few months, buying scarce merchandise at high prices and without a systematic plan for replacing essential articles, worn-out industrial machinery, and disorganized transportation facilities. Yet it would have been difficult to act more wisely without knowing in advance the direction U.S. economic policy would take.

c) Then came the dollar scarcity. The prices of Latin



Latin Americans hope to avoid crippling wartime errors in gearing economies to new emergency. Salvadorean coffee tree yields commodity that was under quota and price control

U.S. supplies Latin America with heavy equipment like this tractor to step up Hemisphere food production



American products fell, some now in open competition with those of the liberated Orient. Production, which had been intensified for defense, had to be cut back. At the same time, the prices of U.S. products continued to spiral. It was necessary to re-establish controls or make them more rigid to protect monetary reserves. The exchange situation became confused and complex. Importation of certain articles was prohibited, and duties were raised wherever possible.

That was the state of affairs when the new emergency was announced. Prices on raw materials for defense rose again, and their production was stepped up. Once more restrictions were placed on civilian goods in the United States and on exports. Dollars began to flow to countries that only six months before could not obtain them. But prices in the United States were going up and export restrictions were in operation. From past experience the Latin American countries knew in advance that the changed situation was not to be hailed as a good omen, and none of them expected economic benefits from this defense against international communism. But they did hope, as far as is humanly possible, to avoid disaster.

In cases like this, American solidarity is not clear to the general public because each of the interested parties involuntarily exaggerates the reasons for invoking it. In the United States, for example, the press favoring the closest economic cooperation with the Latin American republics never fails to point out the non-existent danger that, if not treated generously, the peoples south of the Rio Grande will turn communist, thus threatening the rear guard of the United States in its struggle against the new imperialism. For its part, the Latin American press elaborates on this foreign but favorable argument.

Cooperation thus becomes a product of cold calculation and a viscous expression of fears and suspicions. Nothing is further from reality. The Latin American countries cannot turn communist simply to vex the United States. The governments and peoples of Latin America are anti-communist not for love of the United States but because communism does not correspond to their ideals, their hopes, their traditional way of life, and because if it triumphs in any part of the Hemisphere, the first victims will be not the citizens of the United States but the inhabitants of the invaded area. What is more, anti-communist sentiment is deeply rooted in Latin Americans' affinity for the principle of non-intervention. They feel the same repugnance for a party directed from Moscow as they would for a government directed from Washington.

But that is not the problem of economic cooperation. The problem, chiefly for the United States, is that it plays an undeniable leading part in the Hemisphere economy that is far more important than its political role. Economically, it affects the lives of the Latin American peoples, even though unwillingly and, most of the time, unconsciously. Those involuntary interventions are sometimes fortunate, sometimes regrettable. When the administration or the U.S. Congress considers economic measures that affect its citizens, thinking only of the welfare of those for whom it feels responsible, it cannot

always foresee the potential repercussions of its acts. Nevertheless, a nation like the United States cannot afford the luxury of ignoring the effect on millions of people on the same continent, for good or evil. This is a consequence of economic power. That power has been created with the help of foreign peoples, resources, markets, and labor, and cannot be maintained without it. Thus there can be and are on occasion isolationist political areas, but there has never been a strictly isolationist industry, business, bank or occupation.

Under those circumstances and with a clear understanding of the situation, the Ministers of Foreign Affairs met. No one expected before, during, or after the conference that the Latin Americans would present a bill for their potential political cooperation in the emergency. Never did the United States try to shirk its basic obligation to the Latin American economies, heightened by the emergency. Those who expected a dramatic clash of interests were disappointed. In the economic field such a clash can never occur, and it seems equally improbable that an inter-American conference could devise a fully satisfactory plan for economic cooperation. Even the much-solicited Marshall Plan for Latin America, which some consider the ideal answer, would not prove a stable solution. It is interesting to observe that this plan has received more support from the press, north and south, and even the U.S. Congress, than from the Latin American governments. For Latin American economists are aware that an avalanche of dollars poured blindly into their countries, destined for quick spending, would have been an extravagant and effective contribution to chaos. In general, those countries face two parallel and inseparable problems that cannot be solved by a rapture of generosity: to increase their production and consumption. With outside help, it is easy for countries devastated by war, which have abruptly lost their consumers' market, to regain it and absorb a growing production. For underdeveloped countries to create a consumers' market that will justify and absorb production is a gigantic task requiring patience and a faith that begins chiefly with technical education. Point Four, with all its original modesty, may prove in the long run more effective international cooperation than a discharge of dollars on economies that in many cases rest on very primitive social forms.

So the Meeting did not seek the objectives that some sectors of public opinion had indicated, and those it sought were in large measure achieved. In the first place, it confined itself at all times to examining economic problems arising from the emergency or related to it, and, in view of the emergency, did not tackle older and thornier problems such as that of long-range economic and financial cooperation for the development of Latin American countries. In this connection, for example, political rules were set up to avoid interrupting certain cooperative financial measures involving civilian production, even though they might conflict with plans for defense production. The Meeting declared:

That the economic development of underdeveloped countries should be considered as an essential factor in the total concept of Hemisphere defense, without disregarding the



Nicaraguan store is stocked with U.S. canned goods that went sky-high as a result of inflation



Latin Americans used up their dollars on U.S. consumer goods like these washing machines in a Colombian store



Brazil furnishes strategic raw material for U.S. production: rubber tapping on experimental plantation



Tin for Hemisphere defense comes from Bolivian mines

fact that it is the prime duty of the American States in the present emergency to strengthen their defense and maintain their essential civilian activities.

This declaration is of practical significance in connection with priorities on equipment and machinery in the United States. It may also bear on the investment of capital abroad in economic development projects that might not always be considered essential in a well-developed country. But the Meeting went still further and resolved:

That the American Republics should continue to collaborate actively and with even greater vigor in programs of economic development and programs of technical cooperation with a view to building economic strength and well-being in the underdeveloped regions of the Americas and to improving the living levels of their inhabitants.

To this end, the American Republics shall supply the machinery, mechanical equipment, and other materials needed to increase their productive capacity, diversify their production and distribution, facilitating in appropriate cases financial and technical cooperation for carrying out plans for economic development.

Such financial and technical collaboration shall be carried forward with the purpose of modernizing agriculture, increasing food production, developing mineral and power resources, increasing industrialization, improving transportation facilities, raising standards of health and education, encouraging the investment of public and private capital, stimulating employment and raising managerial capacity

and technical skills, and bettering the conditions of labor. During the present emergency period, preference among economic development projects should be given in the following order: projects useful for defense purposes and projects designed to satisfy the basic requirements of the civilian economy; projects already begun, the interruption of which would entail serious losses of materials, money, and effort; and other projects for economic development.

The Meeting also approved a policy of increasing the production and processing of basic and strategic materials, and resolved that the American nations "should accord one another, by means of administrative measures, the priorities and licenses required to obtain necessary materials and machinery" as well as "adequate technical and financial assistance when necessary and appropriate, by means of bilateral negotiation or multilateral agreements." Then, bearing in mind one of the mistakes made in the previous emergency, the countries agreed to "enter into long-term or medium-term purchase and sale contracts at reasonable prices for these basic and strategic materials."

The Foreign Ministers also took up the matter of arranging for adequate representation of the American nations at world organization meetings, such as the International Materials Conference. They discussed a procedure that would give their countries, as producers or consumers of raw materials and manufactured or semi-manufactured goods, a voice in decisions regarding quotas, prices, and distribution, through the Inter-American Economic and Social Council.

To avoid some of the repercussions felt by the Latin American countries as a result of the previous emergency economic policy, the Meeting adopted a resolution bearing on allocations, priorities, and prices that will make it possible, if faithfully honored, for those countries to contribute to the defense effort without being subjected to another crisis like the one that has jolted their economies since 1939. It was recommended that the governments of the American republics should accord one another

ample opportunity for consultation concerning the effect of the establishment or substantial revision of allocations and priorities on international trade. Whenever, owing to special circumstances caused by the emergency, it is impossible for an American government to hold a consultation before establishing allocations or priorities, such measures shall be discussed, after their adoption, immediately upon the request by a country for their re-examination on the ground that its interests are adversely affected, for the purpose of endeavoring to make an adjustment by mutual agreement.

It was also resolved that

when producer countries establish export allocations to meet essential foreign requirements, such countries should adopt effective administrative measures to facilitate the fulfillment of such allocations for export. Once export quotas have been established, it shall be the responsibility of the importing country to determine the essentiality of the use of the products and to control their distribution. It shall be the responsibility of the exporting country to distribute the quota among exporters from the exporting country. In case of conflicts or difficulties in the operation of the controls, there shall be consultation between the interested governments.

The same consultation procedure was adopted for

(Continued on page 46)

HOMETOWN, BRAZIL



Fifty-three-year-old Belo Horizonte, first of Brazil's planned cities, already has 346,207 inhabitants

Armando de Sá Pires

THE ITALIAN COUPLE rejoiced at the birth of their daughter, who was the very first native-born citizen of Belo Horizonte, the brand-new capital of Minas Gerais State, Brazil. In honor of the occasion, they branded her with the incredible name of Minas Horizontina, thereby sealing her destiny as one of the few women in the world unable to hide their true age. In 1947, the town had a birthday, its fiftieth. The whole nation applauded. Newspapermen went relentlessly after that first baby. They found her—a widow now, with eight children—living modestly in a Rio suburb.

If Minas Horizontina was not the product of planned parenthood, her hometown certainly was. Everything about it was premeditated, from the name on down to the layout of the streets. When Brazil was still an empire, there was in the Province of Minas a village called Curral del-Rei (The King's Corral) whose citizens had begun to feel acutely conscious of the awkwardness of its name. After all, there was a sizable Republican Club in town, and the republican ideal was gaining ground all over the country; the Club did not feel it could keep its self-respect in a place whose name was not only decidedly clumsy, but was also an embarrassing reminder of the monarchy. The Club asked its members to suggest new names. They came forth with Terra Nova, Santa Cruz, Nova Floresta, Novo Horizonte. . . . Novo

Horizonte (New Horizon) wasn't bad; but wasn't there a better adjective? Everyone agreed that the town's skyline was spectacular. Set in a valley 2,500 feet above sea level, it was circled by iron-gray, sharply outlined mountain ranges; the sky was almost always unclouded, the sunsets a fantastic splash of color. Why not call it what it was, then? Belo Horizonte—"beautiful horizon." It wasn't as poetic or perhaps as whimsical as the names of other towns in the state, such as Três Corações do Rio Verde (Three Hearts of the Green River), Itabira do Mato Dentro (Itabira with the Woods Inside), Juiz de Fora (Judge from Outside), Brumadinho (Little Misty One). But at least Belo Horizonte was not a misnomer. Subsequently, the village was chosen as the site for the new capital, which thus had a name before it was born.

Its birth was the result of a law passed by the State Congress in 1893, after much deliberation. For a long time, the old state capital of Ouro Preto had been considered inadequate; it was not centrally located, its land was not very fertile, its water supply insufficient; besides, gold had been discovered there, and prospectors had brought disorder and a mercenary spirit to the colonial town. When it was first suggested that the seat of government be moved, the conservative citizenry of Ouro Preto protested; after all, the village had been a capital for many years and was traditionally associated with the concept of good government. But the Brazilian republic, promulgated in 1889, gave the state a new impetus. It was no longer a province; it was a large and thriving



Municipal Park in heart of city offers canoeing on lake, tennis courts, band concerts

part of a young federation. Drastic changes were in order. Conservatism was beaten.

The site selected was right in the geometric center of Minas Gerais, a landlocked state northwest of Rio de Janeiro, bulge-shaped on the map, rather like Cyrano de Bergerac's profile. The law passed by the Congress called for "designing the new capital on the basis of a population of 200,000 . . . according to the most rigid demands of modern hygiene, comfort, elegance, and beauty, but without undue preoccupation with unessential sumptuousness, save for artistic monuments that the government shall order built. . . ." That done, everyone got busy. The state governor, Afonso Penna, appointed a Committee for the Construction of the New Capital and wisely chose to head it a nationally-known engineer: Pará-born Prof. Aarão Reis. Prof. Reis came down with a caravan of engineers, workers, planners, and he liked what he saw. In his report, he said that the valley was "beautifully shaped like a vast and roomy amphitheater, open toward the east and leaning, to the south, on the Curral range, which protects it from humid and cold winds. . . ."

Soon people started flocking toward Belo Horizonte, Brazilians and aliens alike. Workers, industrialists, scientists, merchants, and "adventurers of all kinds," as

historian Abilio Barreto puts it, got ready to move to the new site "in search of fortune and happiness." There were pessimists, of course, who doubted that the project would ever be carried out at all, much less within the four years demanded by law.

But on December 12, 1897, the Building Committee told the state government it could move into the new buildings; the main streets were open, the sewage and water-supply systems in operation, and four main government buildings completed. The engineers under Prof. Reis designed and built the town along simple lines, following a checkerboard pattern with perfectly square blocks of 107,638 square feet each, broad plazas and circles, and a large park in the southern part of town. State names were given to some of the north-south streets, and east-west ones received the names of Indian tribes, tongue-twisters like Goytacazes, Guajajaras, Aymorés, Carijós, Tupinambás, or poets' names, Bernardo Guimarães, Gonçalves Dias, Cláudio Manoel da Costa. . . .

On that pattern the town grew from about 10,000 people in 1897 to nearly 300,000 fifty years later. The first settlers came, saw, and stayed in the gleaming new city. Everything was untouched, well built, up to date. Water spouted from faucets under such pressure that it looked milky, making some people thoroughly suspicious. There were a few drawbacks, of course: the town's red-clay dust, for instance, which in those days of unpaved streets settled over everything, with a definite partiality for newly-scrubbed children. On the whole, however, it looked good, and the "pioneers" soon began to prosper. There was work for everyone, men and women. The ladies have always taken an active part in the town's

(Continued on page 42)



City was laid out on checkerboard pattern cut by tree-lined avenues

LATINS

ON

THE

DIAMOND

George C. Compton and Aquino Solórzano Direct

ON APRIL 17, in the Washington Senators' (baseball, that is) first game of the 1951 season, a squat, shrewd thirty-four-year-old Cuban named Conrado ("Connie") Marrero pitched them to a 6-1 win over Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics. He held the A's scoreless for eight innings, and it might have been a shutout if Marrero had not pulled a muscle and eased up a bit in the ninth. The tantalizing Cuban struck out six and walked only two in a careful, seven-hit game. Definitely not famed as a batter, he helped his own cause with two singles.

President Truman didn't get to see a ball game until three days later, when he finally hurled out the official first ball of the season at the capital's Griffith Stadium for the postponed match with the world champion New York Yankees. He saw another Cuban, Sandalio ("Sandy") Consuegra, tossing off a four-hitter to stop the Yanks at 5-3, with two of those New York runs coming in on Washington errors. The pitching department proved all-important for the Nats, as the Senators are otherwise known, made only two hits themselves; but both were triples, and four wild New York pitchers kept the bases full of Washington players, issuing thirteen walks. The delighted fans, only slightly peeved at being asked to keep their seats until the presidential party left the stadium, were downright amazed when the Senators repeated the performance in the evening, winning from the Yankees again, 8-4, this time behind Al Sima.

Although he may be prouder of other days' feats, Marrero pitched his best game in a Washington uniform on April 26, a one-hitter that marked a 2-1 victory over the hapless Athletics. All the runs were homers over roughly the same part of the right field fence, one each by Washington's first baseman Mickey Vernon and left fielder Gil Coan and, of all people, the A's left-fielder Barney McCosky, who thus chalked up his first four-bagger since 1946! In this performance Connie struck out nine and the two men he walked were quickly forced out on double plays.

Consuegra kept up with his compatriot by stopping the Athletics again the next night, by a score of 6-1, moving Washington briefly into first place in the American League. He allowed only five hits, while his teammates swatted out ten.

On May 1, Julio Moreno, still another Washington

Cuban, appeared briefly along in the middle of a thirteen-inning marathon the Nats finally won from the St. Louis Browns, on Vernon's homer and Mickey Harris' steadfast relief pitching. Consuegra breezed past the St. Louis batters the next night with another five-hitter, score 3-1. Not to be outdone, Marrero next took on the Chicago White Sox and held the net effect of their nine hits to one run, while Washington scored seven times.

Washington is not what you would call a leading contender for the pennant, so its performance in the opening weeks of this season—with such a big contribution from Cuba—made people wonder what was going on.

Of course, they can't win them all, and the Senators have been known to lose games on their own fielding blunders. But when they lost their game to Chicago on May 4 it was a double by a Venezuelan—shortstop Chico Carrasquel—that broke up a twice-tied contest in the eleventh inning, White Sox 6-Washington 5. Carrasquel and Cuban Oreste Minoso were responsible for most of the damage as the White Sox took another from Washington the next day, 7-0.

Then Moreno got a chance to show what he could do as a starting pitcher against the Cleveland Indians, and he made the habit a tradition: a Cuban arm again held the opposition to one run, while Washington piled up eight. Moreno gave up seven hits, but poured it on when it counted.

Up to this point the Nats' Cuban artillery thus had an amazing record: of the team's eleven victories in sixteen games, they accounted for seven wins in seven starts, with the pitcher going the full route each game, and with each player maintaining the startling earned-run average (runs charged against him per nine innings pitched, not counting those due to teammates' errors) of exactly one. Of course, this couldn't go on all season, and the Cuban staff was under something of a strain having to pitch so frequently, with the Senators' ace starter Sid Hudson out of action with an injury. When Consuegra was strategically withdrawn after letting Cleveland start catching up in a run-away game on May 6, the Senators managed to outlast the Indians 11-10 and at this writing were still in second place, though having their troubles with injuries and inexperienced replacements.

Besides the Washington pitchers and Carrasquel and Minoso, there are four other Cubans, two Mexicans, and two Puerto Ricans in the U.S. major leagues this season. There's veteran catcher Fernán ("Mike") Guerra—we were about to say of the Boston Red Sox, but Washington just bought him for twenty-five thousand dollars plus rookie catcher Len Okrie—and relief pitcher Luis Aloma of the Chicago White Sox, both Cubans; and Mexicans Jesse Flores, a relief pitcher, and Roberto Avila, second baseman, on the Cleveland team. Willy Miranda, Cuban shortstop, is also with the Senators, but has only appeared in the ninth inning of one game so far this season. Over in the National League, Rafael ("Ray") Noble, Cuban catcher, is with the Giants, and the Boston Braves have two Puerto Rican players, Luis Márquez and Luis Olmo, both outfielders. There are a number of other Latin Americans on the minor-league farm teams maintained

Cuban Oreste Minoso, hard-hitting Chicago White Sox player



by the major-league clubs for training new prospects.

The conspicuous Latin influence on the Senators can be traced to the fact that the Washington club is the owner of the Havana Cubans. This team plays with mainland clubs in the Florida International League, and quite possibly the Florida teams wish they didn't, for the Havana boys have won the league championship every one of the five years it has been going. Clark Griffith's organization put up the money to get the Havana Cubans organized and later acquired all the stock. The squad is managed by Adolfo Luque, old-time



We interview the Washington Cubans. From left: Adolfo Solórzano Diaz, Marrero, George Compton, Moreno, and "Willy" Miranda

Giants pitching great who ended the same Nats' 1933 world-series hopes as he struck out Joe Kuhel in the tenth inning of the fifth game. Incidentally, if the Senators run out of pitchers, Luque has assured them that he has two more ready to face big-league bats, José Rodríguez and Gilberto Guerra, tall righthanders.

As a matter of fact, the Nats' interest in Cuba goes back still farther. Their scout Joe Cambria always kept an eagle eye on the island players and sent several of them up while Washington, like the other teams, was hard-pressed to fill its uniforms during the war, when young athletes had more important work to do.

Other outstanding Latin Americans of earlier years were outfielder Merito Acosta and the St. Louis Cardinals' great catcher Mike González, now managing one of the teams in Cuba's winter league. Havana was represented on the Cincinnati Reds as far back as 1912, when the Cuban capital's city council was so impressed with Armando Marsans' .317 batting average that it voted him a two-hundred-dollar gold medal as "Cuba's greatest player."

Strange as it may seem, there was already so much

enthusiasm over amateur baseball in Cuba in 1889 that Wenceslao Gálvez y Delmonte could declare, in *El Baseball en Cuba*, that the U.S. national sport would outlast bullfighting and cockfighting in the island. Almendares,



Raúl Alamo's barber shop is Latin American rendezvous in Washington. Here he trims pitcher Connie Marrero's hair as teammate Julio Moreno looks on

one of the leading clubs of those days, was organized by a group of wealthy young men who had learned the rudiments of the game as students in New York. Cuba had not yet perfected its pitching masters, apparently, for "Wen," as he signed himself, reported the score of the outstanding game of 1879 as Havana 21-Almendares 20, while in 1887 Almendares slaughtered Carmelita 33-0.

Cuba ranks second to the United States in baseball interest today, and the game is enthusiastically played in Puerto Rico, Mexico, all the Central American countries, Venezuela, and Colombia as well. Cuba's professional winter league has four clubs—Havana, Almendares, Cienfuegos, and Marianao—all in the capital. Except on Sunday, all the games are played at night, in the big National Stadium. But when Havana and Almendares, the traditional rivals, are playing, they could fill the park at three o'clock in the morning, according to Marrero. The players who have seen both Cuban and U.S. action

find the Havana crowds more fanatical and even less tolerant, if possible, of errors or questionable decisions by the umpire.

Cubans on U.S. major league teams are allowed to play in the winter league at home, so the pitchers especially are well warmed up for the start of the big season when they come north. Philadelphia manager Jimmy Dykes was heard to mutter that there ought to be a law against this as his team kept looking at strikes or popping up against one of the red-hot Washington pitchers.

The exchange of talent goes both ways. Under an agreement between U.S. organized baseball and the Cuban league, each of the island teams can use up to ten players from U.S. minor leagues in the winter, but major leaguers, except for the Cuban citizens, must stay away. Most managers would rather have their seasoned players get a good rest in the off-season. This agreement serves to avoid such frightful goings-on as took place in 1946, when Danny Gardella, Mickey Owen, Max Lanier, and several others jumped the big leagues at the lure of Jorge Pasquel's piles of Mexican pesos, leading to banning of their appearance at home and litigation that is still not finally settled in some cases.

Of the Washington players, Marrero, Consuegra, and Moreno all appeared as Nats last year, called up during the summer from the Senators' Havana farm team. It began to look as if Havana wouldn't have any pitchers left, but it beat out all the Florida clubs anyway.

Conrado Marrero, a chunky righthander, was born in Sagua La Grande, Santa Clara province. Coming from a farming family, Connie started in playing baseball early, appearing with Cienfuegos in an eighteen-club amateur league from 1933 to 1946, when he made his professional debut in Mexico (not in Pasquel's league). The next winter he joined the Senators' Havana Cubans. In the course of three seasons there he won seventy games and lost twenty-five. Last year in Washington he won six and lost ten. There are some who claim that the Cuban pitchers are likely, in the midst of the dog days, to quietly fade away, even as you and I, but it should be remembered that the whole Washington team was falling apart most of last year. This winter Marrero won twelve and lost seven for Almendares in Havana. With so many years' experience, Connie is a brain-power rather than a fire-ball pitcher. He waddles out to the mound nonchalantly, but when he gets there he means business. He studies each batter carefully, and tries to give him the variety of curve or slider, high or low, that he is least likely to connect with solidly. Of course, eternal vigilance is difficult. Asked about McCosky's unexpected home run that robbed him of a no-hit game, Connie passed it off as luck. "Accidents will happen," he remarked.

His curve breaking away from the plate is Marrero's most trusted weapon, and he is adept at clipping the corner with it. With nobody on base, he takes his time throwing, often pumping his arm up and down five or six times before firing the ball. In one of the games with the Athletics, these tactics made Eddie Joost step out of the

(Continued on page 40)

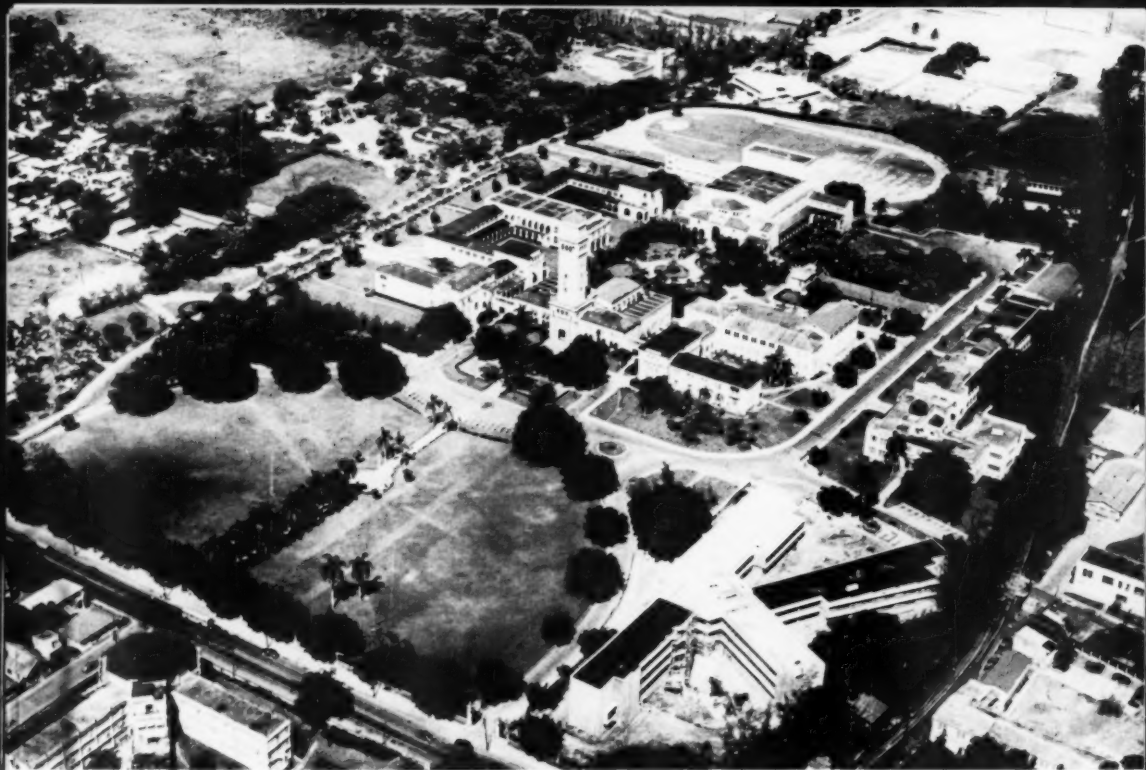
Cuban catcher Fermin Guerra, now with the Washington team



Above: Chico Carrasquel, last White Sox shortstop from Venezuela

Left: Sandy Consuegra, another Havana-Washington pitching star





University of Puerto Rico campus at Rio Piedras

MOLDER OF MEN

Francisco Ayala

EARLY IN 1950 I accepted an invitation to give a course at the University of Puerto Rico's School of Social Sciences. I was so favorably impressed by the island and its people that I have extended my stay indefinitely. For its problems seem to be manifestations of a dramatic destiny. To me the most important is concerned with education, and, in broader terms, with the island's cultural development.

Contrary to what is generally believed even in Puerto Rico and to what circumstances might indicate, Latin

culture remains intact among these people, except for superficial differences wrought by the changing times. In fact, it has suffered no greater alterations there than in areas less exposed to outside contagion. But this unsuspected survival of basic cultural attitudes does not prevent external, organized culture—which depends on social goals deliberately pursued, especially through public education—from seeming dislocated and paralyzed. (An exception must be made for literature, which flourishes here as in any other precinct of Castilian letters.) For organized culture, at least insofar as public education is concerned, is supported by the state, and, as we all know, one of the frequent shifts in world balance of power brought a sudden and disrupting change of administration to Puerto Rico at the turn of the century. Now that the country has happily arrived at a self-governing status, its authorities are preparing to solve the problem of organized culture, and, above all, that of public education, by completely rebuilding the system.

The educational problem, like all social problems, never lets up and cannot be subdivided. It involves a living community and therefore is affected by the pressures of life itself. Those who try to solve it must be aware of the biological needs of the society they are operating on, lest they destroy that society by irresponsible experimentation. Even when educational reforms

are introduced in a normal culture and carried out systematically, extreme care must be taken to avoid disastrous effects. But if the cultural tradition has been interrupted by prolonged experiments that ended in absolute failure—as happened in Puerto Rico after it passed from Spanish to U.S. hands more than half a century ago—the difficulties of reorganizing the educational system are multiplied. Everything needs to be done at once, and educators responsible for carrying out the project literally don't know where to begin. It is one thing to draw up a complete educational blueprint on paper that is as perfect and satisfactory as its author's intelligence and imagination can make it, and another to carry it out in a changing reality, to take the good and bad factors available, unify them, and make use of them.

Unlike most structures this house must be built from the roof down, for the roof (university training) will supply those who can reconstruct the building as a whole. Actually, a glance at the public-education picture in Puerto Rico clearly shows that the university is the most robust, active, and dynamic cultural organ in the country, even though it is suffering the usual growing pains.

Starting out as a small normal school, the university functioned as such for the first decade of this century. The school of liberal arts was founded in 1910, the school of agriculture and mechanical arts a year later, and the schools of law and pharmacy two or three years after that, until the institution gradually came nearer to

New medical school will supply island with badly needed doctors.



deserving its title. But only in 1924 did it become autonomous; up to then it had been directly under the Commissioner of Education, functioning like a division of his department. Seconded by a group of Puerto Rican collaborators, Dr. Thomas E. Benner, the U.S. educator who was named chancellor that year, began to expand the activities in an effort to give those languid centers of study a real university atmosphere. He standardized courses and inaugurated an exchange of professors and students with universities in other countries.

A law passed in 1942 made the university completely independent of party politics and provided funds to give



Between classes at university's college of agriculture and mechanical arts in Mayagüez

it wider scope. Guiding spirit of this reorganization was the present young rector, Don Jaime Benítez. He realizes that the institution must not limit itself to handing out knowledge and professional degrees, but must be a molders of men. It must provide Puerto Rico with people capable of pulling it out of the mire in which historical circumstances have left it. With this as a goal, the University of Puerto Rico has grown rapidly in efficiency and prestige during the past ten years. Now it has schools of the humanities, natural sciences, social sciences, business administration, education, law, pharmacy, and general studies, plus a school of industrial arts and an agricultural-experiment station, all located in Rio Piedras; a school of agriculture and mechanical arts in Mayagüez; and, finally, a school of medicine, founded this year as a substitute for the old School of Tropical Medicine in San Juan, the capital.

This, of course, is only a general picture of the University of Puerto Rico. In an uphill struggle, it was transformed from a sub-standard to a magnificent institution. In view of the variety of studies now offered in its various schools, it is a university of exceptional scope, more than adequate for the cultural needs of a country with little more than two million inhabitants. On its teaching staff are most of the island's intellectually prominent men and women and a considerable number of foreign professors, including some with world-wide

The university theater, largest in Puerto Rico. The Farándula Universitaria (student drama group) performs all over the island



Former Rector Carlos E. Chardón (1931-35), famed among Latin Americans for his agricultural planning, gave university a boost in this field



Dr. Jaime Benítez, who has been rector since 1942



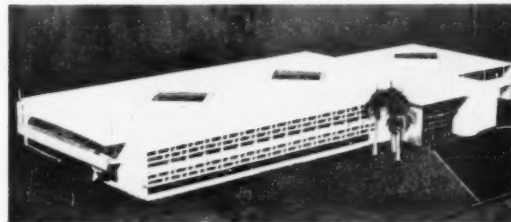
Palm-lined walk leads to administration building at University City, Rio Piedras

reputations. Few universities in the Americas, in my opinion, can compete with the University of Puerto Rico in this respect.

However, such rapid growth is bound to produce anomalies. For one thing, students of every level of intelligence are thrown together, so the outstanding ones do not always have a chance to make full use of their capabilities. Dividing the curriculum into vocational courses open to all and liberal-arts courses open only to the specially qualified might help prevent such waste. Yet one thing is obvious: the University of Puerto Rico, as the country's educational center, cannot become an aristocratic institution, turning its back on large numbers of young people who earnestly desire to enter its classrooms. At the same time, it must make sure that this majority does not flood it, robbing it of the higher culture that it must offer its most gifted students.

The problem of reconciling higher education for the people—in other words, democracy in the university—with the selection of the few students capable of pure or abstract culture is not as simple in Puerto Rico as in countries that have not suffered such traumatic ex-

periences. Normally, the primary and secondary grades act as a filter before students reach the university level and, presupposing an adequate preparation, the university continues that filtering process. Far from this, the University of Puerto Rico recruits each year an army of students with plenty of natural ability—and applicants are still chosen largely on that basis—but whose previous training is extremely faulty. This is the result of an attempt, made over several decades, to inflict on primary and secondary schools a system and language foreign to the country's cultural traditions. Everyone eventually acknowledged the failure of this attempt, and, although



Architect's model of new million-dollar university library building, now under construction

a mistake was made, it would be unfair to accuse anyone of bad faith. Yet this does not make the results less serious. Now that an effort is being made to replace this rejected system with a new one, there are not enough teachers, textbooks, or course outlines to take care of the countless eager pupils. Department of Education authorities trying to remedy the situation face a prodigious task.

The educational system is under the direction of a commissioner who heads various technical and administrative divisions, plus seventy-three superintendents of school districts. The system consists of elementary schools, with six grades; secondary schools, divided into the intermediate level (or junior high), with the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades, and high school, with grades





Puerto Rican student, product of mixed culture, is island's hope for the future

ten, eleven, and twelve. But what is the real content, what are the effects of these schools? The question is arousing widespread interest. For the preparation of their graduates arriving at the university (and only 50 per cent of them manage to get admitted) is not simply mediocre but inadequate, even by the lowest standards—and everyone knows how low standards have fallen throughout the world.

So the University of Puerto Rico is confronted with a student body intelligent and anxious to learn, but without the necessary foundation even for specialized vocational training, let alone for the liberal arts. The danger is obvious: one group of ill-prepared students after another entering the university could reduce it to an enormous secondary school. But the institution cannot ignore reality and become a retreat reserved for the privileged few who can afford private schools or tutoring. In doing this it would abandon its real mission.

As an emergency move, the authorities have created the School of General Studies—a preparatory section all students must attend before entering the university. There they are given the rudiments of the various branches of knowledge to serve as a foundation for any later specialization. The school offers these basic courses: physical sciences, biological sciences, humanities, social sciences, Spanish, and English.

Inaugurating the School of General Studies in 1942, Rector Benítez explained the program like this: "University life must begin with courses in the great disciplines of thought: philosophy, biological sciences, physical-chemical sciences, social studies, the humanities. We will provide all the students with a common denominator of clear, precise, effective ideas about the world and man.

"This program of general studies, required of every university student, will equip him not only to understand better the world in which he is developing, but also to

choose his special vocation. When the student has passed these courses he will be ready to begin his professional or technical studies. When he enters one of the professional schools, he will know exactly how each course fits into his general program—what the required courses will contribute to his specialized knowledge and just what supplementary information the electives will provide."

It is up to the university to take the ill-prepared students that come to its gates and turn them into teachers capable of repairing the damages of half a century. Naturally, this cannot be done overnight. But a foreign visitor observing the strength this small country has already shown in meeting adversity cannot help taking an optimistic view of the future.

Today things look bright for Puerto Rico's future. The historical vicissitudes that left its fate in doubt for many years have resulted, after considerable strife, compromise, and adjustment, in a satisfactory *modus vivendi* that leaves this small island independent of world political struggles—in which it could never have carried much weight—and guarantees a democratic and liberal government.

The island can devote all its energies to the public welfare and the development of its cultural heritage without shackles of any kind—not even those stemming from the narrow individualism that leads some nations to ignore the need for world unity. Whoever looks without bias at Puerto Rico will find rich examples of the kind of mixture that is possible and desirable between the differing cultural standards of Spanish America and the United States. The Puerto Rican people, who cling so tenaciously to their language, customs, and other traditions, would by the same token be unlikely to reject the useful political, economic, and technological imports they have received during their prolonged contact with the United States. On the contrary, it is safe to predict that they will purify and refine them. These elements are indispensable, a product of the times, and in this sense belong to the common heritage of mankind and especially of Western civilization. The best way for a country to prepare itself for original contributions to world progress is to accept and assimilate without prejudice the best products of any civilization. Its own contribution will be all the more individual if it does not try too hard to make it so.

Because of past experience Puerto Rico does not fall easily into the chauvinism that is the curse of our time—its political position does not offer much opportunity for this fault. Except for occasional absurd outbursts, these tendencies remain latent, while generous, cosmopolitan tendencies develop freely.

Therefore, I believe that a distinguished role in the future of America is reserved for this small island, not because it is a Spanish American country that is politically part of the United States yet completely autonomous, but because this status gives it unusual stability and scope. It automatically commissions the country to serve as a natural bridge between the two sections of the American continent, to become one of the focal points of America.



there's something about an island

Anastasio de Rosas

ANY SMALL-TO-MIDDLING BODY OF LAND surrounded by water is also surrounded by glamour, in the thinking of most tax-harried, police-driven, routine-chained dwellers of the mainland. If the island lies in a warm, sunlit sea and has curving golden beaches sprinkled with clumps of mop-topped coconut palms, then it is all the more glamorous. (There is no record of anyone fleeing from steam-heated routine to the freedom of an island ringed by icebergs. The French banker Paul Gauguin escaped to Tahiti, Paul and his Virginia fled to tropical Mauritius, Chopin and George Sand to Mallorca, and the German Baroness von Wagner and her small colony of lovers tried Utopia in the Galápagos, where, if there aren't many palm trees, there are even fewer polar bears.)

The island of Hispaniola, -lying between Cuba and Puerto Rico, is one of the Western Hemisphere's most enticing havens. In addition to the warm, green Caribbean and its palm-fringed beaches, it has ranges of mountains that make a high, ragged skyline in every direction but seaward. In the Dominican Republic, which holds sovereignty over two-thirds of the island, the mountains are rolling green-and-gold ridges that taper into broad, fertile valleys covered with prosperous farms. These are intersected here and there with good, if dusty, roads leading to the capital or to other important cities.

Unless he is one of the very few who come overland from Haiti, which occupies the rest of the island, the visitor to the Dominican Republic sees the capital first. Ciudad Trujillo beckons the tourist with golf courses, a de luxe country club, tennis courts, swimming pools, and the equally de luxe Jaragua Hotel, streamlined seaside government-owned institution. The Dominican capital

is one of the cleanest cities anywhere. Dust from the country roads is seldom permitted to settle on its paved streets, and, as returning U.S. tourists report almost in awe, one can safely "drink water right out of the tap," a claim that cannot be made for some cities with less efficient water supply and sewage systems.

The tourist arriving by sea gets a magnificent view of Ciudad Trujillo as his ship noses into the twisting entrance of the Ozama River. He goes ashore at a clean, modern dock, above which loom the massive gray walls of an ancient fortress built by the Spaniards. Tied up at other waterfront berths may be freighters from the four

Dominican Republic lures the tourist with palm-fringed beaches and island glamor



corners of the earth, clamorous with the activities of taking on or discharging cargo. Farther up the harbor the yards and rigging of Dominican-built schooners etch their lacy patterns against the sky. Ahead or astern of his ship a spotless gunboat gleaming with gray paint and brass may be tied up.

If the visitor travels by air, his plane circles over the modern airport and, coming in for a landing, flashes past long rows of single-engine, fabric-covered World War I aircraft neatly lined up wingtip to wingtip. The airliner taxis deliberately past two B-17's—the World War II Flying Fortresses—and one British bomber, in a trim group apart from the other airplanes, each with its own sentry on duty.

Entry into the Republic is as antiseptic as the water supply. A crisply-starched health officer thrusts a sterilized thermometer beneath each tongue as the passengers file by the immigration desk to have their tourist cards checked. By the time the thermometers have registered the state of the visitor's health, the immigration formalities are over. While the passengers sort out their luggage



Government-owned Jaragua offers tourist local color by featuring typical Dominican buffet

Despite its many rectilinear modern buildings and twentieth-century improvements, Ciudad Trujillo is steeped in tradition. At the entrance to the harbor the visitor may see the square, squat stone tower built by the Spaniards in 1503 to defend their new settlement. It is the *Torre de Homenaje*, the first fortress of any sort raised by the conquistadors in the New World. Farther upriver, where the ships dock, stands a strange, misshapen stump, eight or ten feet high. This is the remains of what is believed to be the ceiba tree, big even then, to which Columbus moored his ship. A few blocks away, in the heart of the city, the massive remains of the Americas' first cathedral, built in the sixteenth century, lifts truncated towers against the sky. The main part of the cathedral has been restored, and in addition to serving as the spiritual capital of the nation, also has an inspiring collection of works of art. Here also are the bones

Happy-go-lucky farmer personifies attitude visitors will find among their Dominican hosts



Ciudad Trujillo's Hotel Jaragua is one of Caribbean's finest

in the customs inspection room, a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman addresses each one in impeccable English, and asks softly, "Hotel Jaragua?" (Most answer yes. A few go to the pleasant, lower-priced Fausto, a privately owned hotel a hundred yards or so from the Jaragua.) Passengers' bags get only the most cursory examination, then they and their owners are delivered by bus to the Jaragua.

The gleaming white bulk of this two-hundred-room luxury hotel rises among the rustling palms and emerald grass of carefully tended gardens. Its spacious lobby is swept by breezes from the Caribbean, the terrazo floor is polished to mirror brightness, and beside the reception desk stands a large mahogany bust of President Rafael Trujillo, who built the hotel in 1945.



Grandiose capitol, one block square, built in 1947



Dominican-built fishing and trading schooners at anchor in Ozama River

Below: Ancient sundial at Báñica



of Columbus. Across the Ozama a short drive out of the city, the tremendous Columbus Lighthouse, massive as the pyramids, is slowly going up as a monument to the Discoverer.

A drive beyond the city limits is rewarding, particularly during early March, when the blossoms of the anapola tree line the roads with a blaze of vermillion. This tall, spreading tree is widely used for shade, and to see the countryside from the shrine at La Cumbre, the high point of the Duarte Highway on the road to Santiago de los Caballeros, is like viewing a cosmic-scale poppy field in full bloom. For miles below stretches the magnificent valley Columbus named the Vega Real, of which he wrote to his King with an enthusiasm the conquistadors usually reserved for gold deposits. The Vega Real is an immensely rich plain fifteen miles wide

and nearly a hundred miles long, watered by the winding Yuna and Yaque del Norte Rivers, covered with thriving cattle ranches and plantations of tobacco, coffee, and cacao.

Toward the northern edge of the Vega Real lies the country's second largest city, ancient and beautiful Santiago de los Caballeros. It is a stronghold of many of the island's oldest and most aristocratic families, many of which still occupy the stone mansions built by their conquistador forefathers. Its skyline is broken by the domes and spires of a number of churches, including the big cathedral. In its massive doorways, exquisite centuries-old wrought-iron grillwork, tiled roofs, and lovely plazas, the city retains a strong flavor of colonial days.

A short drive north from Santiago is Puerto Plata, the island's first seaport after the capital. Through it many of the country's exports, such as sugar and mahogany, as well as the produce of the Vega Real, go out to the world. A few miles eastward is the unique settlement of Sosua, the New World's first planned colony of Jewish refugees, and probably the only one still operating as such. In 1933 the Dominican Government offered a 26,000-acre tract and material help toward forming an agricultural colony for these people, driven from their homes by the Nazi pogroms. According to the original project, this was to be only the first of a number of such land grants to give a haven for up to 100,000 colonists, a tremendous number for such a small country to absorb. In actual fact, no more than 500 refugees ever got to the Dominican Republic, but most of these were able to make a new start for themselves in a most encouraging way. After an initial training period in community housing, each colonist or family was moved to individual homestead tracts, which they purchased on long-term payments with the sale of their own produce.

The colony's production of livestock and crops has made it an integral part of the country's economy, and at least one distinctive product, Sosua cheese, finds a ready market in New York.

The Jews were not the only homeless people to find refuge in the Dominican Republic. Thousands of Republican Spaniards, escaping from the wrath of a victorious Franco, came into the country. Many of them moved on later, to Cuba, the United States, Mexico, and South America, but many also stayed to build their own homes and businesses.

Mexico Avenue in Ciudad Trujillo parades handsome government buildings (Education and Fine Arts building in foreground)



In the trips described above, and in interesting hegiras to other parts of the island, one finds the Dominicans an engaging people, friendly and industrious. Beneath their quiet exterior, one senses an enduring patience and the firm character of a nation that will not give up its dreams. Their country has had more than its share of ups and downs. Spain's first colony in the New World, it was one of the last to gain independence, and the only one to return voluntarily to the dubious shelter of the Crown.

The Dominicans knew oppression both before and after the brief return to colonial status. The first example of this was at the hands of Columbus, who demanded of every gentle, inoffensive Taino Indian (the indigenous inhabitants of the island) one hundred pounds of cotton a year. During the next century, the brisk activities of English, French, and Dutch pirates in the Spanish Main



Under country's welfare program, public day nursery cares for children of working mothers



kept the colonists in training. The redoubtable Sir Francis Drake sacked the city of Santo Domingo, burned a good portion of it, and held the rest for a month until the Governor scraped up and delivered twenty-five thousand gold ducats.

Things got worse instead of better. To put an end to the smuggling by English and French privateers in the then-remote western end of the island, Governor Baltasar López de Castro moved all the *dominicanos* to the east. Overjoyed, the French then moved into the abandoned

area, which presently became a colony of France.

Meantime earthquakes, tropical hurricanes, and plagues had been doing their disastrous work from time to time, wrecking all but the most massive buildings. The original inhabitants, the Tainos, had long since died off, finding it impossible to live with the modern improvements brought by the Europeans. Moreover, the beautiful island was a disappointment to the King of Spain; it produced only a little gold.



President Trujillo relaxes with his children

In 1697 the Spanish two-thirds of the island was ceded to France, and became part of Saint-Domingue, which was to achieve brief brilliance as France's richest colony. But France, as careless as Spain had been earlier, neglected to send troops to occupy her new acquisition. Spanish troops stayed on to keep order until France should take formal possession. They were still there nearly a century later when the black slaves in Haiti revolted and slaughtered or drove out their French masters. In 1801, led by the revolutionary Toussaint Louverture, the Haitians took over the eastern end of the island. A French army reconquered the island the following year, and remained in Santo Domingo until 1809. Then Santo Domingo became a Spanish colony once again, until by a revolution in 1821 it won independence. Independence was a brief affair. The Haitians invaded again the next year, and this time they made it stick for twenty-two years. Not until 1844 did the Dominicans, inspired by Mella, Sánchez, and Duarte, drive them out of the capital for good.

The change from Haitian possession to constitutional republic did not end the country's troubles. A border war with Haiti raged for fourteen years. In seventeen years there were eleven presidential terms, sometimes



Workers' low-cost housing project in the Dominican capital

Right: Cathedral of Santa Maria, where Columbus' bones rest



Below: Ruins of the Temple of San Nicolás de Bari, first hospital in the New World



Right: Islanders at work on the foundation for the new Columbus lighthouse, an inter-American memorial to the discoverer



with several changes annually. In 1361 the situation became so acute that President Pedro Santana, apparently fearing a repetition of Haitian rule, asked Spain to take over again. The Crown acceded graciously, to such effect that two years later the Dominicans decided that they disliked being a colony even more than they feared their neighbors. They revolted again, and after a two-year war threw the Spaniards out for keeps.

The Second Republic featured forty-three terms in thirty-six years. Some presidents were weak, some tyran-

nical, and some honest and progressive. But politics was the chief and almost the only crop. Foreign loans were obtained at ruinous interest, and much of the principal was squandered. The country was bankrupt for years before the chief creditors, France, England, and the United States, decided to occupy the island and take over its revenues. The U.S. Marines moved in in 1916. They stayed for eight years, keeping order, collecting customs fees, and building roads and sewers. When the Marines left in 1924, the Dominican Republic was not yet out of the financial woods, but at least it was headed in the right direction.

The elections of 1930 were won by Marine-trained General Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, commander of the Dominican Army. Almost at once a hurricane devastated the island. Trujillo put his Marine training to good effect by imposing martial law and cleaning up and rebuilding the damaged sections. Since then, he has served several terms as president, doing a remarkable job of organization, finance, and building.

The Dominican Republic is one of the few nations in the world today with no foreign debt. Extensive irrigation works and intensive and orderly cultivation of the land have helped produce an increasing amount of sugar, rice, cacao, coffee, meat and hides, mahogany, and a dozen other crops for home consumption and export. Dominican exports have averaged around \$45,000,000 a year for the past several years, and her economy is featured by a consistently favorable balance of trade, currently running about \$30,000,000 annually. Extensive forest lands in the eastern part of the island are a reservoir of wealth for the nation for many years to come.

The Dominican currency, pegged to that of the United States, is, like the Cuban peso, the Panamanian balboa, and the Guatemalan quetzal, at par with the dollar. Oddly enough, the country had no national currency until two or three years ago, using the U.S. dollars and small change that people became accustomed to during the Marine occupation. Now, however, the monetary unit is the peso. Most business is done with paper money, as in most countries, but the big, handsome one-peso silver pieces are so popular with both Dominicans and visitors that it is sometimes difficult to get one even in the National Bank in the capital.

The country is perhaps the quietest in Latin America. The police force has efficiently thwarted the revolutionary attempts that once plagued Dominican chiefs of state, and crime is the exception rather than the rule. In this atmosphere of orderly quiet, the building projects advance. Hundreds of sweating laborers toil in the sun at the base of what will be the monstrous bulk of the Columbus Lighthouse. Water supply and electricity generating stations are being built for each city in the country. Irrigation canals push forward in the dry parts of the land. One of the Government's most important current projects is a \$14,000,000 string of hotels at principal points of interest throughout the country. This is designed to reserve for the Dominican Republic a share of the golden flood of tourist dollars that spreads over the other Caribbean lands every year.



THIS LIBRARY HAS IT

Betty Wilson

TO MOST PEOPLE the word "library" implies a cloistered place, a vast, dim room inhabited chiefly by signs reading "Quiet, Please" and "No Smoking." As far back as its staff can remember, the Pan American Union's Columbus Memorial Library has never known such academic calm—nor, for a long time, any space that might be described as vast.

The true glory of its 40 x 100 feet of new sun-flooded reading room—opened last month—can best be appreciated by those who remember the days when the entire library staff occupied two tiny offices. But it was touch and go for a while as to whether they would actually move into their new quarters. No sooner were the blond furniture, acoustic-tile ceiling, springy rubber floors, and Venetian blinds installed than a scouting party for the Foreign Ministers' conference decided the huge area would make a couple of splendid committee rooms. Next the PAU civil-defense committee cast a speculative eye over its dimensions and took it over for a Red Cross first-aid course. The staff simply sat back and waited. In the sixty-year process of gathering "the results of the intellectual and scientific labor in all the Americas . . . under a single roof," as directed by the First International Conference of American States, the library has grown accustomed to crises greater than delay.

Its assortment of problems lies in its being unique. By its very nature, the library must contain the world's best collection on Latin America—150,000 books and pamphlets and an equal number of periodicals. As part of the Pan American Union, it has a double responsibility: first, to the Union, always in need of the latest information on an endless variety of subjects, which means that the demands of historical research must give way to currency; second, to the Hemisphere's libraries, both in fostering close inter-library relations and in building better libraries. As an institution serving the public, it must also provide reference and loan services to the "outsiders" who make up more than half its users.

Something of the library's future importance must

have been glimpsed by the delegates to the Third Conference in 1906, who defined the Union as "a permanent center of information and of interchange of ideas among the republics of this continent, as well as a building suitable for the library in memory of Columbus." By that time, it consisted of more than seven thousand volumes: Miss Tillie Phillips, who in 1892 had taken on the job of librarian as part of her translator's duties, had been succeeded by a full-time librarian, José Rodríguez of Cuba. Four years later, though the collection now numbered a respectable twenty thousand, PAU Director General John Barrett commented wryly that "its size is as yet hardly worthy of its name." But its handsome quarters at the newly opened Pan American Union building were planned to allow for growth. The stacks held forty thousand books, and this space could be trebled (two years ago it was again expanded, with the conversion of a former boiler room to two additional floors of stacks). Almost the length of the building ran a spacious "reading and map room"—the very room just refurbished and handed back to the library, which was forced to surrender it piece by piece as the Union's personnel, but not its acreage, increased. Readers shared the room with a tremendous relief map of Latin America, sprawled on a waist-high platform so that bemused tourists could walk around it picking out Andean ridges and the *llanos* of Venezuela. Even now, when the map has been in storage for several years, not a day goes by without a returned visitor asking what became of it.

As it turned out, the library grew faster than the architects expected. One staff member vividly remembers arriving in 1943, fresh from the spanking-new National



The old days: entire Columbus Library was housed here in 1910



Through the years PAU library overflowed into corridor.
At right, reference librarian Marian Forero



The library comes into
its own—new reading
room, 1951

Librarian Arthur E. Gropp,
formerly with Artigas-
Washington Library in
Uruguay, consults chief
cataloguer Sally Driver



Library of Colombia, to find that the famous inter-American library had provided for her a desk in the corner of a medium-sized room shared by the librarian, a secretary, the charge-out desk, the reference shelves, the card catalogues, and one or two cataloguers. Readers worked literally under the librarian's watchful eye, at a table placed at right angles to his desk. A particularly valuable role was played by the library in those wartime days: it was the only source of facts and figures on Latin America urgently needed by such U.S. Government agencies as the Office of Strategic Services and the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs.

Possibly to lessen the tension, the staff adopted the pleasant custom of afternoon coffee, for which staff members pooled their coffee and sugar rations. Janeiro Brooks, librarian at that time, contributed Mexican pottery demi-tasses. Visitors were welcome, and the then-Ambassador of Colombia, Antonio Rocha, dropped in frequently, always washing out his cup carefully before he left. The high mortality rate of Silexes finally put an end to the coffee hour.

What's in the library? Official publications, laws, government studies, and statistical reports of the American republics; a large portion of the best Latin American books and periodicals of the past sixty years; most of the important books on Latin America published in the United States and Europe; the official documents of the inter-American system, whose signed originals are stored in a vault; United Nations material; at least one newspaper from each country; material on the international relations of the member countries; reference books from *Webster's Unabridged* down to the latest Santiago phone book. About 2,500 different titles of periodicals are received every year. Collections of children's books and textbooks from all over the Hemisphere are a fairly recent acquisition. Issues of eight Latin American newspapers, dating back to 1938, and the *New York Times* are available on microfilm. An elaborate cataloguing system indexes significant newspapers and magazine articles along with books. In all, the collection is valued at about half a million dollars.

What's in the library has just been determined by the first complete inventory in its history. This two-year project revealed twelve to fifteen hundred titles missing—very few over a sixty-year period, since the number includes not only those now gracing various readers' private bookcases but also tattered volumes thrown away at one time or another. But, in addition, library detective work ferreted out many books long since thought to have disappeared—some from the desks of PAU staff members who had nonchalantly removed them without signing charge cards, some from the wrong shelves, to which they had just as nonchalantly been returned.

The library's bibliographical services, which began before the turn of the century with "Book Notices" in the *Bulletin of the Bureau of American Republics*, are one way in which it discharges its international responsibility. Their effectiveness was underlined by a resolution passed by the Seventh Pan American Conference in 1933 dealing with the library's role in "the constructive work

of inter-American bibliography." Besides its list of acquisitions, its present publications include a Bibliographical Series of which thirty-three numbers have been published.

Exchanges of publications and gifts of the Columbus Library's duplicates also help to improve the Hemisphere's libraries. More than four thousand institutions throughout the world receive PAU publications in return for their own. Gifts are made to such deserving libraries as that organized by an employees' association in Argentina, which not long ago wrote that it wanted to furnish its members "not only a place for healthy recreation but also an opportunity to know their sister countries . . . and to raise their cultural and technical standards."

Sometimes the library lends a more direct hand. Librarians in Latin America frequently ask for help, usually by mail, in technical matters or in reorganizing their libraries. Every so often they show up in person. Then the library's facilities are thrown open to them, or itineraries are mapped out. Last month, for example, a Cuban commission came to the United States to inspect library buildings before drawing up final plans for a new National Library of Cuba. In arranging a tour of major east-coast libraries for them, a point was made of including New Haven among the stops: their blueprints called for a tower to house the stacks, and the Yale University library would show them the advantages and disadvantages of this scheme.

Staff members help out around the continent in various other ways. Assistant librarian Marietta Daniels, a pioneer in the campaign for better libraries in Latin America, has spent the past two summers giving courses in library science to Central American librarians at the University of Panama. Reference librarian Marian Forero of Colombia, who has been dubbed "the walking encyclopedia" by her colleagues, has served at five inter-American conferences and seminars, for the last two of which she set up the working libraries. All participate in movements like the Inter-American Bibliographical and Library Association. And their two book fairs—in 1945 and 1947—are recalled as outstanding successes, though the first was enlivened by a dock workers' strike just as a large shipment of Argentine books was scheduled to arrive in New York. All the library's powers of persuasion had to be called into play to get the volumes ashore.

But most people know the library through its reference section. This is the part that copes with the nearly one thousand queries that pour in every month, ranging from inquiries on the number of cattle in the Galápagos Islands to data on the Jibaro headhunters of Ecuador (from a missionary who may have wanted to know what he was getting into). The Pan American Union staff, of course, depends heavily on the library, which, according to mild-mannered Arthur E. Gropp, the librarian, considers this its prime responsibility. Scholars, research workers, government specialists, embassy personnel, students, and the general public use the library. Many requests arrive by mail, between 5 and 10 per cent of them from Latin America; one correspondent, interested in trees on world postage stamps, was inspired to write in

by a description of the library in his *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

The U.S. Naval Academy asks for a list of books in Spanish suitable for gifts to Latin American naval officers. A publishing house seeks pictures of Bolívar to illustrate a high-school textbook. The National Library of Venezuela wants a list of the Columbus Library's holdings on Andrés Bello, in preparation for a complete edition of his works. The University of Florida urgently needs information on Eloy Alfaro, so its students can enter an essay contest sponsored by the Eloy Alfaro Foundation. In the course of answering requests, the reference staff prepared forty-eight extensive bibliographies in a recent three-month period. Over the years, therefore, they have learned to handle the most improbable requests with monumental poise.

Strictly routine, for example, was the letter from a Peruvian senator trying to locate an article entitled "more or less 'The First University Established in the New World.'" He had written it, he said, sometime around 1912, while he was a student at Louisiana State University, and it had appeared in one of the college publications. He was sure the library had it, for he saw it there about fourteen years ago. It dealt with the University of San Marcos, which wanted to reprint it in honor of the university's four-hundredth anniversary this year. Since a search at the library failed to turn it up, a letter went off to LSU. The library there discovered that it was in 1913 that the senator had been enrolled; moreover, his article must have been published in the agricultural journal *Demeter*, the only regular LSU publication at the time. But the library had no complete file for 1913, nor had any other U.S. library.

Stalemate? Not at all. The Columbus Library staff wrote to the senator for particulars about the copy he had seen. Well, "it was easily found," he recalled, "and I believe it was attached to another paper, somewhat deteriorated." Undismayed, the library continued looking and asked LSU to do the same. This time, LSU researchers came upon "First American University Was Founded in Peru," in the 1914 files of the student newspaper *The Reveille*. Only a couple of months from the date of the senator's first letter, a photostat was on its way to Lima.

Closely related to these regular reference and loan services is the inter-library loan. By this means a reader from any library can enjoy the facilities of any other. A librarian in California, for example, faced with a request for material on Peruvian geology, consults the Library of Congress' union catalogue, which lists the holdings of all major U.S. libraries. In this case, she finds what she wants at the Pan American Union, and upon her request it is immediately sent to her. For every one book the Columbus Memorial Library thus requests from other libraries, it sends out five.

At the First Conference, when the authorizing resolution was passed, Colombian delegate Dr. Carlos Martínez Silva predicted: "In twenty years this library will have an importance unrivaled in the world." He was wrong—it took a little longer.

vignettes of

URUGUAY



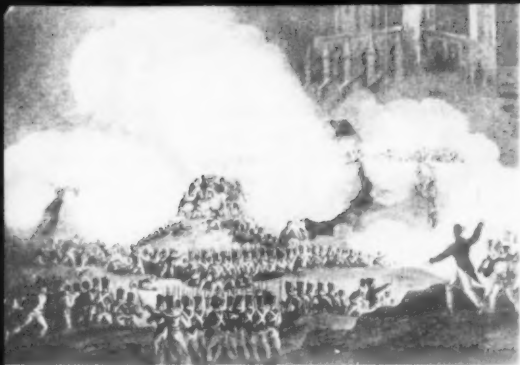
Searching for a southern passage connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, a Spanish explorer named Juan Diaz de Solis discovered the Plata estuary in 1515. The party went ashore on what is now Uruguayan soil, about seventy miles east of Montevideo, and Solis was killed almost at once by fierce Charrúa Indians. Undaunted, the Crown continued to send expeditions to these savage lands. Difficult as it was to found permanent settlements in Argentina and Paraguay, colonizing the Banda Oriental proved even harder. Asunción and Buenos Aires were both going communities by the time the Indians across the river were sufficiently subdued to permit the establishment of towns there. This map, the first ever published of the Rio de la Plata territory, appeared in 1544.



"Monte vide eu!" A popular tradition has it that the cry of a Portuguese lookout on Magellan's 1519 expedition ("I see a hill") was the origin for the name of the city established there over two centuries later. In 1726, to counter the threat of Portuguese colonization—the present Uruguayan town of Colonia had been founded by the Portuguese in 1680 as competition for Buenos Aires, and the site now occupied by Montevideo was to be next—the governor of Buenos Aires sent seven families across the estuary to settle the spot first. Spain's position there was buttressed in 1776 when the Crown raised the region from a dependency of Peru to a viceroyalty. No such treasures of silver and gold as the Spanish had taken from Mexico and Peru ever came out of the Rio de la Plata, but the name "Silver River" is indicative of their hopes.

Montevideo's mighty Citadel was forty years in the building, with two thousand Indians employed at the start. Its term of service was brief—only fifty-one years after its completion in 1782 the job of razing it began, and the last walls came down in 1879. Only one turret and a few traces of the foundation remain today.





The British take Montevideo. Spain, soon to be ruled by Joseph Bonaparte, was allied with France against England during the Napoleonic wars, and in 1806 the British carried the attack to the New World. First Buenos Aires, a city of about fifty thousand, then the much smaller Montevideo, were captured by two successive invading forces. Within the year, both cities revolted, pushing the conquerors back into the sea with heavy losses. Having tasted self-determination and proved their own strength, the colonies were not to be subdued. An independence movement gathered momentum.

Battle of Cerrito, December 3, 1812. The war for independence had started more than two years earlier. José Artigas, an officer in the Spanish army who became Uruguay's national hero, had promptly placed himself at the service of the revolutionary Governing Junta in Buenos Aires. After his victory at Las Piedras, he and the Buenos Aires General Rondeau laid siege to Montevideo in 1811—a campaign which the government, hard-pressed by defeats, shortly called off. Dramatically, as Artigas withdrew into Argentina, thousands of Uruguayan families followed. Though the independence armies later triumphed at Cerrito, the capital remained in Spanish hands.

Encamped at Hervidero, Uruguay, Artigas dictates his famous "Instructions" on April 4, 1813. To the five Uruguayan delegates en route to the General Constituent Assembly in Buenos Aires, he outlined his political philosophy, calling for independence from both Spain and Portugal, a republic, civil and religious liberty, and particularly for a loose federal form of government and location of the capital anywhere but Buenos Aires. The latter conditions, entirely unacceptable to the Congress, drove yet another wedge into the widening breach between Artigas and the Buenos Aires regime. Relations became so strained that the fall of Montevideo to the Argentines on July 24, 1814—in the decisive battle against Spain—was only the signal for renewed conflict between the two.

Artigas ruled a protectorate of six provinces—the Banda Oriental plus five provinces now belonging to Argentina that remained loyal to him. The federation was short-lived. In mid-1816, the Portuguese seized upon this time of confusion for another attempt to annex Uruguay. Vastly outnumbered, Artigas' forces gave up their territory inch by inch. The uneven contest came to an end in 1820, and Artigas sought refuge in Paraguay, where he lived out the remaining thirty years of his life. Uruguay, on the request of a puppet Congress, was incorporated into Brazil as the Cisplatine Province. But on April 19, 1825, a band of aroused expatriates known to history as the Thirty-Three crossed into Uruguay from Argentina and unfurled a banner bearing the words "Liberty or Death."

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



While Foreign Minister Roberto Canessa of El Salvador was in Washington for the Meeting of Consultation, he deposited his country's ratification of the Inter-American Conventions on the Granting of Political and Civil Rights to Women. Looking on are: OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger; Salvadorean Ambassador Héctor David Castro; Sra. Amalia de Castillo Ledón, Chairman of the Inter-American Commission of Women; UN delegate from El Salvador Dr. Miguel Rafael Urquía; Sra. Esperanza Zambrano of the IACW; and OAS Secretary General Lleras.

Cadets from all the Bolivarian countries took part in the colorful New York ceremony on April 19 when Bolívar's statue was relocated. Venezuela's Foreign Minister Luis Gómez Ruiz presented the statue, then President Germán Suárez Flamerich unveiled it by remote control from Caracas.

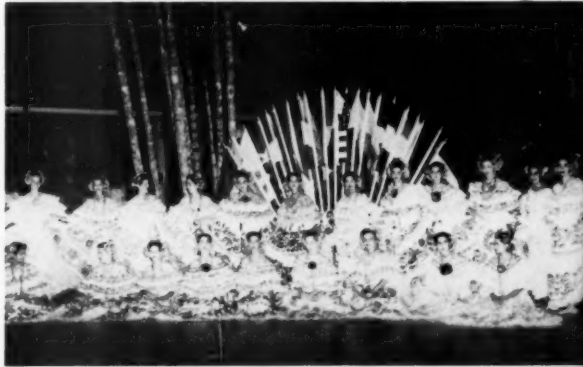


On March 22, Panama became the second Hemisphere nation—following Costa Rica—to ratify all documents signed at the Ninth Inter-American Conference in Bogotá. Dr. Guillermo Endara (seated), Panamanian Chargé d'Affaires in Washington, deposited ratification of the Inter-American Treaty on Pacific Settlement and the Economic Agreement as OAS officials Manger, Canyes, and Lleras looked on.



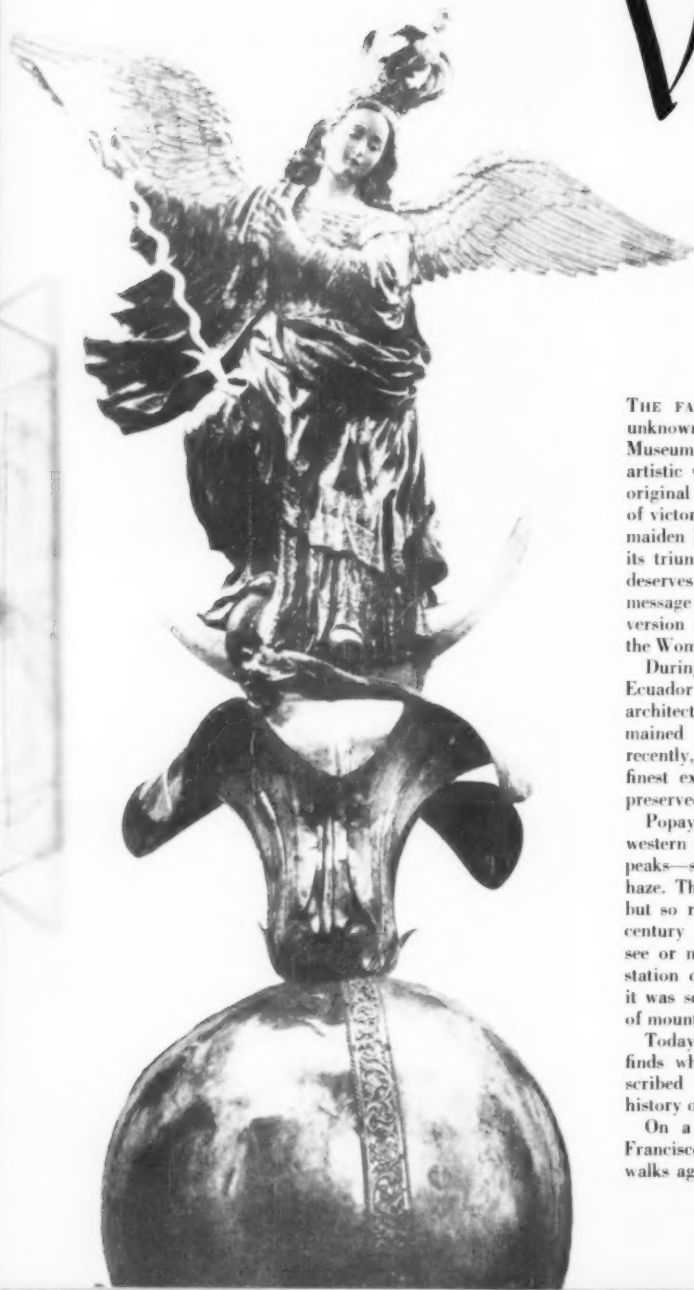
To discuss the OAS blueprint for Hemisphere unity, Secretary General Alberto Lleras (at desk) recently met with itinerant engineering students from the University of La Plata in Argentina. Traveling on their own funds under U. S. National Student Association sponsorship, the Argentines visited U. S. universities and engineering projects. Nearest Dr. Lleras is La Plata's assistant professor of engineering Jorge Chapiro.

On Pan American Day girls in typical *pollera* costume decorated the patio of Latin America's newest luxury hotel, El Panamá, where a dinner dance was given by the Isthmus Inter-American Women's Club. Recently opened oceanside hotel was voted the best-designed building of 1949 by New York architects.



Virgin of

Pál Kelemen*



THE FAMOUS WINGED VICTORY of Samothrace by an unknown sculptor of ancient Greece stands in the Louvre Museum of Paris in surroundings worthy of its great artistic value. A fragment with only faint traces of its original coloring, it was identified as Nike, the goddess of victory, usually represented as a winged and garlanded maiden bearing a palm branch. Latin America also has its triumphant figure, dating from colonial times, which deserves the widest attention, both for its spiritual message and for its perfect state of preservation. It is a version of the Immaculate Conception—more correctly, the Woman of the Apocalypse.

During the colonial centuries the cities of Quito in Ecuador and Popayán in Colombia produced art and architecture unrivaled in quality. Both towns have remained relatively undisturbed by modern life until recently, a fact that may partly explain why one of the finest examples of a unique version of Marian lore is preserved undamaged in Popayán.

Popayán lies in the fertile Pubenza Valley in southwestern Colombia and enjoys a broad view of mountain peaks—some of them volcanoes—veiled in a dark-blue haze. This was a rich territory with a pleasing climate, but so remote that up to the middle of the seventeenth century most bishops refused an appointment to the see or managed to stay away from it. Though a main station on the overland route from Cartagena to Lima, it was separated from both cities by a dismaying series of mountain ridges and deep valleys.

Today the visitor walking about the streets of Popayán finds white marble tablets on many of the houses, inscribed with names prominent in the city's colonial history or in the struggle for independence.

On a quiet, sunlit plaza stands the church of San Francisco. Occasionally footsteps echo along the sidewalks against its high stone walls or a platoon of pigeons

Popayan

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decides to change position and, with a loud flapping of wings, alights on the roof of the monastery. This church was begun in 1775 under the regional architect Antonio García and completed about twenty years later. The tower, joining the church with the former monastery, is a twentieth-century addition; its bell contains fifty pounds of gold, the gift of early benefactors.

A blend of styles can be observed in the façade. It is not the retable type. It has sets of twin columns, but they do not frame niches, and their ornamentation—medallions in low relief—is confined to the lower portions of the shafts. The pilasters are even more subdued in line, and the niches are shallow and few. Obelisks top the two tiers of plain columns. In general the façade lacks the protruding or strongly curving masses of the Baroque. The undecorated panels and the touches of ornament above the niches and on the column shafts, as well as the elliptical windows, lean toward the Rococo.

To leave the tropical glare of the plaza and enter the church is a pleasant relief. Within are preserved distinguished art works from its colonial past. The spacious effect of the interior is augmented by the barrel vault of the vestibule; masonry brackets, clean in construction and varied in outline, support the curving edge of the



Elaborately carved pulpit is in the shape of a chalice

choir loft. The pulpit has the shape of a chalice, exquisitely homogeneous in detail throughout, its matching canopy like the cover of some goldsmith's masterpiece. On the top stands a statue of St. Francis, while smaller figures of Franciscan saints, preaching with book and gesture, occupy the niches around the sides. A large canephora bearing a basket of tropical fruits forms the

(Continued on page 45)



Façade of Church of San Francisco in Popayán, Colombia

Haiti sings

Benedicta Quirino dos Santos



Haiti Chante's band plays bountor (far right) and boula, hollow-log native drums decorated with ritual symbols

LONG BEFORE Haitians heard about modern agricultural cooperatives, they knew what it meant to work together on a farm. To this day, they have preserved the *combite*, a form of mutual self-help inherited from their African ancestors. And their work songs—also a legacy from slave days, as in other parts of the continent—are far more charming and perhaps more effective than the canned music that now purports to increase efficiency in factories or aid digestion in restaurants.

Combite work (the name comes from the Spanish *convite*, invitation) is a pleasure not only because of the feasting that follows the day's labors, but because helping a neighbor is fun when stimulated by spicy, gossipy verses sung in a lively tempo. Yet who knows how much

longer our mechanized age will allow these artless folk customs to endure?

Twelve years ago a Haitian music teacher started a movement to preserve this rich heritage. Mme. Lina Blanchet was teaching piano, harmony, and solfeggio in

Congo dancers in foreground in authentic country dress; girls in center background wear Sunday country dress and colonial free woman's dress



Mme. Lina Blanchet,
who directs Haitian
group



Left: Combite
dancers portray
collective
banana picking

Port-au-Prince. To provoke the children's interest in music, she began to draw on local fairy tales, particularly the stories of Bouqui (a stupid character) and Malice (a smart one, who always outwits Bouqui). She found that many of the tales were interwoven with fascinating folk dances and rhythms. Completely taken by them, she organized a group of some twenty youngsters to perform those traditional songs and dances. Eventually, this gave way to an adult troupe and today it is called *Haiti Chante* (Haiti Sings).

By 1941 the Haitian government was so impressed with the project that it sent the group up to Washington, D.C., to dance at the Cherry Blossom Festival. This year they were invited again by the organizers of Cherry Blossom Time, a pageant that included representatives from all the American countries. Every year in between, aside from other shows, they have danced and sung in Haiti on April 14, Pan American Day, which in their country is a national holiday. On Pan American Day 1950, they took part in a special ceremony in one of the pavilions of the bicentennial exposition of Port-au-Prince.

Though she doesn't dance herself, Mme. Blanchet directs rehearsals and performances, harmonizes the songs (all the present members sing), and designs the costumes. Some are authentic country folk dress, others are stylized and decorated with hand-painted ritual symbols of the same type as the *rèvè*, the design traced in cornmeal and ashes on the ground at voodoo ceremonies.

Many of the Haitian folk rhythms require the use of native drums, and Mme. Blanchet's group uses the hollow-log *houantor* and *boula* types, with a piece of goat-skin stretched across the top. But they also fall back on conventional instruments: bass viol, accordion, saxophones, cornets, and, of course, maracas, which in Haitian Creole are descriptively known as *tchatchas*. These, however, are played singly and not one in each hand as in Cuba, although some Haitian workers returned from Cuban sugar plantations have introduced the Cuban style in the country.

The group dances the *Congo*—both the African and Creole versions—in which there is more pairing off than in the other dances, but the couples never touch one another. The *Péto*, which stresses nimble footwork, is

associated with the *Péto* "family" of *loa* or deities. *Péto* (also called Dom Pedro or Don Pedro) is said to have been a slave of Spanish origin who became a *loa* after death. They also do the *Yanvalou*, consisting largely of gentle shoulder movements and knee-bending; the *Ibo*, a cheerful dance of fast steps, pirouettes, and swaying movements; and the *Quitta*, in honor of the Cymbi family of *loa*, patrons of spring and rainfall.

The *carabinier*, another dance performed by the group, is said to have been invented by Dessalines. At the time of their war of independence in the late eighteenth century, the Haitians had invaded the Spanish portion of the island they shared, and Dessalines was laying siege to Santo Domingo. During a long interval between battles, the soldiers were getting restless, so the Haitian general, taking a carbine, led them into a dance of very rapid steps, which soon spread among the civilians. Nor has the group neglected the popular *mêringue*—of which there are two types, the fast and the slow—and the *juba* or *martinique*, a colonial dance also known in other West Indies islands and even in New Orleans.

To portray a *combite* at work, a quartet of athletic young men in Mme. Blanchet's troupe simulates the motions of cutting bunches of bananas with their machetes, hanging the fruit around their necks. They wear the workers' apparel, which includes a wide-brimmed straw hat to protect them from the "sun," and a big straw pouch to carry water cups and other items they may need "in the field." Theirs is a fast dance, mostly of arm movements, for they are supposed to be helping a neighbor and one doesn't loiter in the *combite*.

All the dancers respond automatically to the thud of the native drums, an impelling and contagious rhythm. This music's affinity with *macumba* ritual rhythms of Brazil or even with some of the Cuban music is hardly surprising, for large contingents of the slaves who went to those three countries were of common origin—such as the Sudanese and Bantu cultures—and many of the traditions still observed were brought over by them.

Since it was first organized, the group has had considerable turnover. Some members have dropped out to get married. One of those who came to Washington on the 1941 trip (and whom Mme. Blanchet helped to secure a scholarship in the United States) has since made a name for himself as an independent choreographer and voodoo dancer. He is Jean Léon Destiné, who has also danced with Katherine Dunham and was seen this spring in a special festival of painting, music, and the dance called "Haiti Week in New York." Most of the present twenty-three members of *Haiti Chante* are young men and women of Port-au-Prince. Some are still in school, others hold government jobs. The group manager, M. Oswald Douyon, is a Pan American Airways official in the Haitian capital. But the important thing is that they share a spontaneous feeling for the dance and songs of their country. Now back in Haiti, they are preparing to take part in a Caribbean folk festival to be held in August in San Juan, Puerto Rico, under the sponsorship of the University of Puerto Rico, with the participation of Cuba, Jamaica, Trinidad, Martinique, and Guadeloupe.



FROM A TEACHER'S NOTEBOOK

IN A SLENDER BOOK modestly entitled *Universidad de Illinois: Mi Sombra en su Luz* (*University of Illinois: My Shadow in its Light*), Uruguayan writer Maruja González Villegas—formerly cultural attaché at her country's embassy in Washington—jots down the impressions she gleaned as a visiting professor:

"The University of Illinois puts its stamp on the twin cities of Champaign and Urbana. Its buildings stand amid magnificent elms with sturdy trunks and branches covered with the loveliest leaves I have ever seen. . . . As the aisles in a church converge on the high altar, here all roads lead to the University—the high altar of man's intelligence—where youth is offered the fruits of experience and research, the best that man has produced through the centuries. Great mysteries have been penetrated by the light of intellect in atmospheres like that of Champaign."

Of G.I. students, she comments: "This year there are twenty thousand students at the University; I watch these young people from early morning to late afternoon as they travel from one building to another on their way to class. . . . I am surprised by the order and the silence. Unlike students in other universities, these adolescents do not talk or laugh noisily. There is a responsible and mature expression on their faces. When I look for the secret of such formality in the young, I am told that many of them took part in the war and are trying to forget or to

rehabilitate themselves by concentrating on their studies. Some show a certain cynicism, which makes them real problems for their professors. . . . But knowing the kindness, intelligence, and conscientiousness of these professors, I am sure they will find a way to save their students from becoming disillusioned and mature too early in life."

From the vantage point of Champaign, she decides about Latin American universities: "I have come to the conclusion that our universities must change their concept of education and instill a greater love for work. There should be less time lost in studies that are too diversified and vague, less universalism, and more reality and precision. Educators should take into account the capacity of each student and encourage only certain ones to go deeply into the abstract. . . . Most young people will never use much of what they study, and the time lost can never be recovered. Many fail to get

proper guidance and select the wrong vocations. Too many of our students talk and talk about everything without knowing anything, and without having acquired the habit of hard work or a sense of what life is all about. I have observed this in many years as a teacher, and here in this atmosphere of study and sincerity I have come to understand the problem better. There is too much talk in our universities; words, words. . . ."

After her first glimpse of modern art, Srta. González Villegas notes: "The school of architecture sent me an invitation to view an exhibit of U.S. watercolors. Fifty-seven paintings were on display. The chaotic, abstract, surrealistic, and existentialist themes produced a distressing over-all impression. I knew nothing about the exhibitors or their previous works and had no interest in finding out about them. Their colors and subjects held an overwhelming message. Almost to a man, the artists had expressed anguish, uneasiness, horrors. One or two of the works portrayed peace, naturalness, normality; in the others, disguised or not, there was an insane abandon—men and women shouting, suffocating, suffering incredible torments; crumbling cities; gagged men in the midst of smoldering ashes; red flesh with the skin torn away; unbelievable tragedies; wild colors. . . . I left the salon terrified. Outside I found the serenity of the great elms, the incessant falling of red and gold leaves; the blue sky; the students coming and going; classes beginning and ending; little by little, I forgot the nightmare and renewed my acquaintance with a calm and



Top: p. 26; Art: 170; text: my acquaintance was renewed in p. 22

"I'm number 26,431,722, but my friends call me 22."—Caretta, Rio de Janeiro

sensible existence."

About North Americans, Srta. González Villegas tries to avoid the pitfalls of snap judgment: "As I am now settled and have time for observation and meditation, I can take advantage of the long-sought opportunity to make a close study of North Americans. It is often said in Latin America that they do not have much sensitivity, . . . that they are absolute materialists. The United States, they say, is the incarnation of leveling democracy, of utilitarianism and professionalism. . . . In *Ariel*, my countryman José E. Rodó understood this interpretation of the people of the United States and directed Latin Americans to take a different, more intellectual attitude, to awaken in America a consciousness of its spirituality. But many years have passed since then. . . . The new generations realize that the symbol of *Ariel* is more literary than real, that it is a beautiful fiction which does not apply in decisive moments. The truth is, in my opinion, that Latin America has had a symbol it could not live up to; that Latin America is not what Rodó believed it to be. . . . I don't think Latin Americans yet have a pure, noble continental ideal, an understanding of life, of the race, of history, a definite concept of what we are and what we wish to be and can be. In short, we do not have a sufficiently crystallized personality to be able to judge and understand the United States, much less accuse it.

"Contrary to what is believed in our countries, the people of the U.S.A. are conscious of their responsibility as a serious, well-organized nation that knows itself and its aspirations. . . . They love life and throw themselves into study and work. All their accomplishments, intellectual as well as material, are the fruits of their own efforts. They know their possibilities and have faith in themselves. Two terrible wars have revealed individual and collective qualities that only suffering can bring out. The United States . . . has found itself . . . while South America, despite its heroes, its writers, scientists, and philosophers . . . has not defined its real personality. . . . has not reached its majority. Perhaps it will take many years, but the time will come; nations and cultures, like

men, have 'their time to be born and their time to die.'"

MOVIE MADNESS

PIOLÍN DE MACRAMÉ writes from Argentina, a country with a world-famous film industry. Yet, in the Bogotá monthly *Revista de América*, he casts a fishy eye over the whole subject of movies:

"Movies are the opium of peoples. A secret activity, they draw the masses into darkness to see the same story, told in the same way and with the same ending. If a variation is introduced, the people complain, for movies

to see something but a place to be, solving the problems that used to be solved by the front hall. If films were shown in broad daylight, they would lose half their audience.

"Hollywood films show us a world too utopian to exist—and too idiotic to deserve to exist. On the other hand, Italian films show us a world too miserable to deserve to exist—and too accurate to be denied. Italian movies always show life as seen in a tenement courtyard. This, which is called realism, is based on the idea that whatever does not happen among the people of the marketplace is not true or worthy of art. The producers of such movies made an effective effort to introduce social and civic problems into the arts, but they succeeded only in stifling audience imagination completely.

"In Hollywood productions the heroine can swim a river, elude several villains, survive a fire, and throw herself from a speeding train without getting a hair out of place. But in an Italian film the actress' hair is always rumpled. There are also Argentine movies, which are really film versions of the words to a tango. They are different from Mexican movies, which always include a procession and a humble sexton ringing church bells. This is very touching, as are most subjects in the darkness of theaters. Perhaps we shouldn't speak ill of our film industry, as it is only in the initial stages. But it is necessary to punish the young for saying bad words in the hope that they will not say them when they grow up.

"After completing their own education, movies will be a great educational tool. Meanwhile, they are a way of killing time, as people say whose time has killed them. For anyone seeking to kill time is already the victim of his boredom."



"What is the official language here?" asks baffled delegate to Congress of Language Academies held in Mexico City in April. — El Universal, Mexico City

are fairy stories for adults. Their novelty lies in their sameness. One goes to the movies not to be surprised, but to be anesthetized. The darkness is symbolic; a movie is a collective dream.

"The round containers for the films are also symbolic. For movies are canned images, an art that begins in an industry and ends in a business. Since chance plays a part, art is sometimes produced. When this happens, the film fails. Anyone who wants anything more than a standard portrayal of standard events should stay away from them. . . . They are a trap without a spring for a public that wants to be trapped. Movies are not a place

NO. 8, HOWARD PLACE

EVERYONE WHO HAS EVER lined up half-embarrassed, half-awed, behind a velvet rope in some national shrine will appreciate the feelings of Brazilian Jorge Maia as he approached the boyhood home of Robert Louis Stevenson in Edinburgh. But this time was different, as he relates in the Sunday supplement of Rio's *Correio da Manhã*:

"I have always had a certain aversion to famous men's houses, because everything is usually laid out with unnatural stiffness in a desire to please the public. Besides, the way the atmosphere is 'prepared'—purified by eliminating all objects of secondary interest which might overshadow those meant to be admired—robs it of indispensable sincerity. That is my impression, for example, of that cottage at Ayr where poet Robert Burns was born one stormy night; and of Victor Hugo's house on the Place des Vosges in Paris. It is all very false, artificial, mixed with museum techniques.

"But in Edinburgh I stopped for a minute at Howard Place, a street like all the others in this sad and beautiful city, whose houses always seem to evoke the past and whose plazas are veritable lessons in city planning. It was number 3—but no plaque, nothing to indicate that on November 13, just a hundred years ago, one of the great writers of a generation was born there. The atmosphere was quiet and domestic; the house, probably built during the reign of George III, had nothing of the unmistakable stamp of early Victorian architecture. It was a sober building, its doorway covered with a kind of curtain hanging out over the street, quite common in that type of residence.

"In answer to my ring a lady came to the door, took my shilling, and led me into the dining room. 'The museum is on the second floor,' she said, 'but this room has been kept as in Stevenson's time, and the furniture is that of the period.'

"Everything was plain, but chosen by a rather precious taste. It was the furniture of modest people, without luxury, but I confess that I liked the general untidiness of it all, the knowledge that in that very room other people were still using those tables and those chairs. Though not all of them had belonged to Stevenson's household, the air of domesticity lent a certain graciousness to the atmosphere—precisely what I had not found in those museums where the great man remains stuffed, in an artificial simulation of living.

"Here I felt Stevenson's presence as if he were alive. I could almost see him in a corner by the hearth, a thin,

anemic boy, pale-faced, with large and dreamy brown eyes, perhaps foreseeing the painful and wonderful life in store for him. At that desk he probably studied his homework. After dinner, he would discuss his future with his father; he had agreed to the idea of becoming an engineer, in accordance with family tradition.

"Since he was an only child, parental care was lavished upon him. While still an adolescent, he was to start his travels in search of health, spending months in France, Germany, at Davos-Platz, Switzerland, whose climate was to save his threatened lungs. At eighteen he was not yet an accomplished writer, but he had had some works published, which revealed his marvelous imagination.

"Standing before the long glass cases containing his personal effects—upstairs in the museum proper—I



Alberto Einstein

(Visto por Málaga Grenet, en 1932)

Sketch of Einstein illustrates article about him by Colombian Luis de Zulueta in *Repertorio Americano*, San José, Costa Rica

couldn't resist the temptation to judge Stevenson. In a universal classification of literary men, what would his place have been? He was not touched by genius, nor could he really have been considered a 'talent' in the fullest sense of the word. Was he a great writer, or only an imaginative one?

"All these questions must remain unanswered, for it is impossible to analyze him unless we see in him, first of all, a precursor. Of what? Of a technique frequent nowadays in 'adventure' stories. Stevenson paved the way for a different literary genre, bringing forth a different mentality from that bequeathed by the romantics. The heroes of the last century, particularly the French ones, were pale, anemic, dreamy. The world was still overloaded with Armand Duvals, Adolphe, or even Julien Sorels, and Stevenson came almost as a relief. Romantic in real life, sickly like the protagonists of fashionable books, he preferred to write about stronger people who would rather struggle than die in a sanatorium.

"By the same token, one might say he invented the technique of motion pictures, that technique found in today's best-sellers that grip you from first to last. Before *Gone With the Wind* or *Forever Amber*, mankind thrilled to the adventures of David Balfour, or with *Treasure Island*. In confirmation, consider how often the movies have shown an interest in his work: *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* has been filmed four or five times; so has *Treasure Island*, his first popular success.

"There was his life: the endless excursions, Europe, America, finally the Pacific islands where, like other artists, he sought rest at the end. Tahiti, the Gilbert Islands, the Marquesas; and then, on Christmas Day, 1889, he arrived at Samoa.

"As if by a miracle, his health was improving in contact with nature, and early in 1890 he settled at Vailima. There he immediately became a friend of the natives, who christened him Tusitala.

"I saw the stick he used to take on his morning walks, and a faded photograph showed us the writer at Samoa, in the little bamboo house—uncomfortable but picturesque—where he was to

La Vida en Caricatura



¿Que cómo se hace una bomba atómica? Muy sencilla, se coge una bola de hierro hueca, se la rellena con átomos desintegrados, se tapa el agujero y ya está.

"How do you make an atomic bomb? Very simple," says teacher. "Take an empty iron ball, fill it with split atoms, plug up the hole, and there it is."—La Esfera, Caracas

die. Farther on, in a cupboard, his clothes still hung as if he planned to wear them later. Inside, it was untidy; shirts mingled with papers and even toys. Fortunately nobody thought of bringing order to that admirable confusion of objects, so human in their untidiness.

"The next room held a surprise for us: a printing shop. The writer not only produced books; he also wanted to publish them. Here were his tools, everything very small and rudimentary; still, it is touching to see the large box with type that he must have handled sometime in his anxiety to put out his work, to make his thought available to everyone.

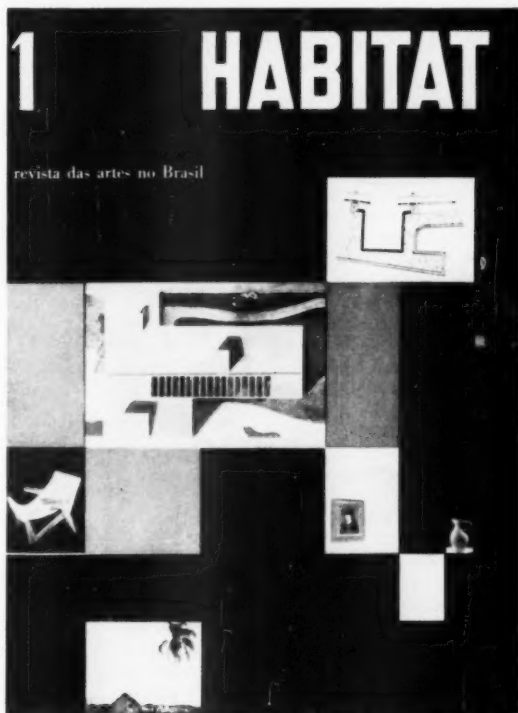
"Stevenson, a printer? How far back does that phase go? Perhaps he was influenced by Sidney Colvin, his truest and most faithful friend, whom he met when he was twenty-three. Colvin himself later became a well-known publisher, and to him fell the honor of bringing out Stevenson's books. Be that as it may, the little press showed young Stevenson's love for everything connected with the art of writing. He was one of those born writers, one of those who, though

thwarted by destiny, overcome it, and sooner or later triumph.

"In a corner, a good-sized reproduction of the house at Vailima. His Samoa phase is reminiscent of Gauguin's epic in Tahiti. Both men suffered because of the white man's injustice to the natives. From both came cries of rebellion, and both underwent the consequences of their boldness. Gauguin, more than Stevenson, was embittered by the European authorities' enmity, but the writer also had some bad moments during the political struggle in which he was forced to take part. And on December 3, 1894, as he was dictating a chapter of *Weir of Hermiston*, he was seized with an apopleptic fit from which he never recovered. A few hours later, death came to the most widely read writer of his generation. The next day six natives carried his body to a mountaintop, where it was cremated;

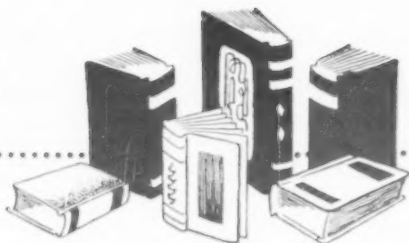
according to his wish, his feet were placed toward the Pacific Ocean.

"In the back, the museum's last room, is the library. There are his faithful friends, which first aroused his love of the art to which he devoted himself. Among the English classics, an old copy of *Robinson Crusoe*. There, perhaps, lies the key to the riddle. Defoe, who managed to impress the whole world, has in Stevenson a disciple, rather than just an admirer. All who have read *Robinson Crusoe* have dreamed of traveling, of seeing the world; Stevenson was actually able to carry out this dream to the fullest. What better background than Samoa, with its primitive atmosphere as yet untouched by the white man? Stevenson was thus to fulfill his childhood wishes. From there, from that room, from those books, he set forth in search of his fabulous and wonderful adventure."



Handsome new São Paulo quarterly *Habitat*, lavishly illustrated with photographs and drawings in both color and black-and-white, features Brazilian fine and applied arts—architecture, furniture, fabrics, painting, sculpture, Indian crafts. Articles are brief and to the point; pictures tell the story

BOOKS



POETRY NORTH AND SOUTH A BRAZILIAN LOOKS AT CHARLES EATON

THERE IS IN THE UNITED STATES today an economic force that dominates world markets and a political power inherited from the British Empire—just as in the nineteenth century that commonwealth reproduced on a larger scale the example of the Roman Empire. There is also in Anglo-America today an esthetic force that did not exist in the past century. In those days, poets like Edgar Allan Poe or romanticists like Henry James became expatriates or died cast out by society, misunderstood and rejected as invaders or disturbers of the peace.

I am not saying that the same thing does not happen, to some extent, now. Every artist is by nature an expatriate in his own land, as U.S. poet Charles Edward Eaton pointed out in one of the poems in his first volume, *The Bright Plain* (1942), whose promise is fulfilled in his new collection, *The Shadow of the Swimmer* (1951). Most of the poems in this latest book were written in Rio de Janeiro, where Eaton spent four years as vice-consul. In "A Letter to a Young American" he wrote: "The real expatriate often stays at home."

But in the United States today, in contrast to the nineteenth century—when artists were looked at askance since the whole country was given over to the dream of getting rich—there is a large group of young people eager to study, to paint, to produce sculpture or poetry, in short, to devote themselves to a purely intellectual life. Not to mention the vast spiritual movement, so eloquently symbolized by the books of a poet-monk, Thomas Merton.

Charles Eaton belongs to the new generation of American poets, who are already a group with a very distinctive personality, as the able critic Allen Tate depicted them in *A Southern Vanguard*, and as they appear to us in anthologies like *Contemporary Poetry or America Through Literature*.

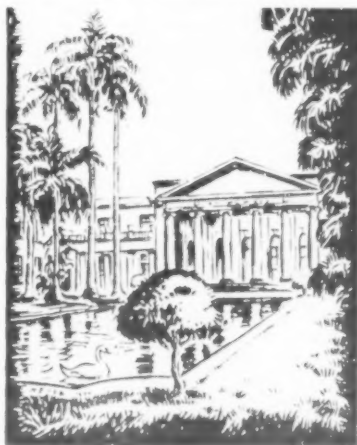
Still young—he was born in 1916—Eaton belongs to the generation that broke into writing after 1929 and before 1950. This was after the indulgent optimism of a happy nation yielded to a spirit of depression and anxiety, and before the atmosphere of a "world power" and the unparalleled prosperity of an economic boom made the country's state of mind resemble that of 1920. Now, of course, with the difficult struggle in Korea and the continual threat of a third world war, the country is once more in a state, if not of anguish, at least of gravity and preoccupation.

The spirit of those years is reflected in the poetry of

this man, who studied philosophy at Princeton and literature at Harvard, and around 1950 began teaching creative writing at the University of Missouri. Completely the "scholar" type, he nevertheless did not limit himself to teaching or criticism. He taught what he had learned from the great poet Robert Frost and developed his own creative talent in the poems in these two books and undoubtedly in many others yet unpublished. His poetry, like that of Valéry in France or Manuel Bandeira in Brazil, is not the spontaneous and inexhaustible work of a Yeats or Claudel, but rather the subtle, selected, polished, and refined jewel box of a poet in the tradition of Mallarmé.

However, we cannot call Charles Eaton an abstract or surrealist poet for whom the world is only a representation of man's concept of it, à la Schopenhauer. For Eaton, the external world exists. All his poetic drama lies in drawing from the solidity of the world of self-existing forms—hard and resistant, sometimes aggressive—a whole autonomous world of poetry that is precise but fluid, inner but objective, luminous but solid.

In the book just published, as in his first one, that reality of the external world appears as the primary element in his poetry. Nevertheless, Charles Eaton is not a descriptive poet, even less a romantic one. Like Robert Frost, and I think even more than he, Eaton belongs to the category of classical poets, those who are the masters, not the slaves, of their creative power. He is a poet of



Swans in
Itamaraty Palace
garden in
Rio de Janeiro
inspired first
poem in
*The Shadow
of the Swimmer*

reason, of intelligence, with a superb command of words, as Baudelaire said all poets should be. Only there is nothing Baudelairean, nothing surrealist in Charles Eaton. If we want to compare him or at least align him with some poet of world standing, we have to go back to his own teacher Robert Frost or to someone like a Paul Valéry.

A poet of neat lines and precise design, Eaton never lets himself be overcome by the sensuality of words, and his poetry retains a quality of impassivity, of inner brightness, of static solidity, like a diamond in the night, even when he is in love with the tropical sun, the mountains, and the waves on Copacabana Beach.

The theme of swimming is one of those that constantly recur throughout the book. We can see how the author, every day, especially in summer, enjoyed the soft and slightly bitter pleasure of cutting through the lukewarm green waters of the Brazilian Atlantic, between feathers of spray, looking up to a sapphire sky and, far off, to the green mountains forming a backdrop to the skyscrapers. But, curiously, nowhere in his book does the word "skyscraper" appear. There is no display of modernity, of dynamism, of intense living, like that in the work of the poets who discovered "futurism" thirty years ago. Charles Eaton's poetry stems from constant contact with the simple elements of nature—the air, water, the sun, the moon, the night, and at most a few birds, such as the sea gull. In it, however, we do not hear the tumult of the octopus-city, nor the rustling of the trees, nor the voices of other men. This poet is a very solitary figure. What we see in his work is man in contact with nature, not with other human beings. There is an occasional note of love, expressed with a reserve that only adds to the intensity of the feeling. But there is also a rich inner world, and subtlety in the inspiration he draws from nature in communication with the great eternal themes of the spirit—few but profound—which give the book its human tension: death, memory, dreams, love. The dominant factor, however, is always the external world. It is a world of solid forms, not described or even suggested, but transposed to the plane of the spirit and, even there, maintaining a certain impassive and perpetual autonomy, like the Beauty Baudelaire talked about.

Now why have I twice mentioned Baudelaire in connection with this young U.S. poet, so un-Baudelairean, indeed, suffering no apparent metaphysical or demoniacal anguish? Some secret of the critic's subconscious, no doubt, which I do not propose to go into, for criticism is also a form of poetry. And just as the Athenian poets could not explain to Socrates what they wanted to express in their poetry, so also the critics are unable to tell the poets the deeper meaning of their interpretations.

We are even. But there can be no doubt that Charles Edward Eaton is not just an ordinary poet. By no means. Can we already call him a great poet? I think so.—*Alceu Amoroso Lima*

THE SHADOW OF THE SWIMMER, by Charles Edward Eaton. New York City, Fine Editions Press, 1951. 88 p. \$3.00

EATON LOOKS AT JORGE DE LIMA

ANYONE INTERESTED IN LITERATURE is not likely to stay long in Rio de Janeiro without making the acquaintance of Jorge de Lima, one of the most forceful and attractive personalities in the Brazilian literary world. Poet and painter, novelist and essayist, and, as if these were not enough, a prominent and exceedingly active medical doctor highly respected in his profession, Jorge de Lima has made his influence felt most variously upon the life of his time, and has unquestionably welded together from his many activities a permanent reputation for himself.

A number of Mr. Lima's books of poetry have not been readily available for a long time; so there was a great need for the new volume, *Obra Poética*, a complete collection of his poetry from 1907 through 1949, edited by the eminent Brazilian critic, Otto Maria Carpeaux. As one might suspect in the case of such a versatile man, there is a long and broad road between his earliest work and his latest, and it is the purpose and the achievement of this collection to give us a comprehensive view of a poetic career now embracing more than forty years. Anyone picking up a single volume of Mr. Lima's poetry at random and reading it as representative would certainly be laboring under a grave misconception, since there are many facets to the work of this distinguished Brazilian poet. The essence of a poet of narrow range can often be extracted from a single volume, but a poet of the restless and fertile talent of Jorge de Lima must be read in his entirety. In discerning this and bringing out the *Obra Poética*, his publishers have done a real and noteworthy service to Brazilian letters.



Brazilian poet
Jorge de Lima

What lingers most in the mind after a reading of the *Obra Poética* is the richness of the collection—the inexhaustible abundance of subject matter, the technical virtuosity that has enabled him to write successfully in the traditional forms, and, in his more mature period, to discard the older conventions and write even more brilliantly in the free forms of modern poetry. In one of the poems I like best, "O Mundo do Menino Impossível" ("The World of the Impossible Child"), he gives us a picture of a young boy and his world:

*Fim da tarde, boquinha da noite
com as primeiras estrêlas
e os derradeiros sinos.*

*Entre as estrêlas e lá detrás da igreja,
surge a lua cheia
para chorar com os poetas.*

*E vão dormir as duas coisas novas desse mundo:
o sol e os meninos*

*Mas ainda vela
o menino impossível
ai do lado
enquanto todas as crianças mansas
dormem*

*acalentadas
por Mãe-negra Noite.*

*O menino impossível
que destruiu
os brinquedos perfeitos
que os tataros lhe deram:*

*o urso de Nürnberg,
o velho barbaudo jugoslavo,
as poupées de Paris aux
cheveux crépes,
o carrinho português
feito de folha de Flandres,
a caixa de música checo-eslovaca,
o polichinelo italiano
made in England,
o trem de ferro de U.S.A.
e o macaco brasileiro
de Buenos Aires*

*moviendo la cola y la cabeza.
O menino impossível
que destruiu até
os soldados de chumbo de Moscou
e tirou os olhos de um Papai Noel,
brinca com sabugos de milho,
caixas vazias,
tucos de pau,
pedrinhas brancas do rio . . .*

*"Faz de conta que os sabugos
são bois . . ."*

"Faz de conta . . ."

"Faz de conta . . ."

*E os sabugos de milho
migram como bois de verdade . . .
e os tucos que deveriam ser
soldadinhos de chumbo são
cangaceiros de chapéu de couro . . .*

*E as pedrinhas balem!
Coitadinhas das ovelhas mansas
longe das mães
presas nos currais de papelão!*

*É boquinha da noite
no mundo que o menino impossível
povoou sozinho!*

*A mamãe cochila,
O papai cabeceia,
O relógio badala,*

*E vem descendo
uma noite encantada
da lâmpada que expira
lentamente
na parede da sala . . .*

*O menino pois a testa
e sonha dentro da noite quieta
da lâmpada apagada
com o mundo maravilhoso
que ele tirou do nada . . .*

*End of the afternoon, little mouth of the night
with the first stars
and the last bells.*

*Between the stars and there behind the church,
the full moon rises
to weep with the poets.*

*And the only two new things in this world are going to sleep:
the sun and the children*

*But the impossible child
is still awake
over there
while all the meek children
sleep*

*lulled
by the Black-Mammy of the Night*

*The impossible child
who destroyed
the perfect toys*

*that his grandparents gave him:
the bear from Nuremberg
the old bearded Yugoslav
the dolls from Paris aux
cheveux crépes,
the little Portuguese cart
made of tin-plate,
the Czechoslovakian music box,
the Italian punchinello
made in England,
the train from the U.S.A.
and the Brazilian monkey
from Buenos Aires
moviendo la cola y la cabeza.*

*The impossible child
who also destroyed
the lead soldiers from Moscow
and pulled the eyes out of a Santa Claus,
plays with corn cobs,
empty boxes,
bits of wood,
white pebbles from the river . . .*

*"Let's make believe that the corn cobs
are oxen . . ."*

"Let's make believe . . ."

"Let's make believe . . ."

*And the corn cobs
bellow like real oxen . . .
and the sticks that ought to be
little lead soldiers are
bandits with leather hats . . .*

*And the pebbles baa!
Poor little gentle lambs
far from their mothers
shut up in the cardboard corrals!*

*It is the little mouth of the night
in the world that the impossible child
peopled all by himself!*

*The mother is slumbering
The father's head is nodding.
The clock strikes,*

*And an enchanted night
is descending
from the lamp that is burning out
slowly
on the wall of the room . . .*

*The child lays his head down
and dreams, in the quiet night
with the lamp out,
of the marvelous world
that he made out of nothing . . .*

Chô! Chô! Pavão!
 Sai de cima do telhado
 Deixa o menino dormir
 Seu soninho sossegado!

Mr. Lima is himself this *enfant terrible*, this impossible child, who has insisted upon his freedom to develop as an artist and who has never been afraid to break with the past, his own past, as long as it meant an extension of the road he wanted to travel. The critic who would upbraid him as restless to the point of being chaotic should remember Ralph Waldo Emerson's wise saying, "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds." The true strength of Mr. Lima's work lies not in the straightness of his direction but in his willingness to follow the impulses of the life-force as it swerves and turns back upon itself in a winding and sinuous path.

"Style," as Robert Frost says, "is the way a man takes himself." It is obvious that Mr. Lima "takes himself" even today as a man in mid-passage, the poet always seeking "a further range." And his poetry, in the shifting character of both its themes and techniques, shows that it is the record of the pleasures and regrets of a mind that is willing to relinquish an intellectual or esthetic position if such relinquishment seems a move toward a better point of view.

It is a pity that Jorge de Lima's poetry is not better known to U.S. readers. Though his work has been included in such excellent collections as Dudley Fitts' *Anthology of Latin American Poetry*, as I have pointed out he is not the type of poet who can be fully understood and appreciated on the basis of a few poems selected at random. It would be fine if he could find a U.S. translator who could give his *Obra Poética* to the English-speaking world.—Charles Edward Eaton
 OBRA POÉTICA, by Jorge de Lima. Edited by Otto Maria Carpeaux. Rio de Janeiro, Editora Getulio Costa, 1950. 659 p.

THE MEXICAN MIND

PRESENT HISTORICAL CIRCUMSTANCES in Europe have led to a revival of speculative thinking focussed on the *feeling of solitude*—rather unusual for that region. But in Spanish America solitude became the principal subject of reflection as soon as thought not dominated by spiritual considerations made its appearance.

If, as Lord Bacon would have it, solitude is most intense and the thinker most completely surrounded by it in "the great city," then one might say we find it chemically pure in the remote regions. And although this does not in any way imply a deprecatory opinion, we must recognize that in a sense all Spanish America has up to now been an out-of-the-way place.

This has its disadvantages, of course. For example, our geography has considerably retarded our communication with the world, resulting in an alarming historical provincialism. But there is at least one important compensation in the intellectual field: the American philosopher or poet (César Vallejo or Eduardo Mallea, for

Shoo! Shoo! Peacock!
 Get off the roof
 Let the little boy sleep
 His peaceful little sleep!*

*Translation by G. C. C.

instance) usually sharply discerns what human solitude is, precisely because he can instinctively distinguish it from the simple physical isolation he knows so well.

Moreover, while Europe hardly listens to us, we Spanish Americans scarcely hear one another, either from country to country or within each one. The bond that joins us is very tenuous, and for that reason we become extremely conscious of it, as if we were forever afraid that it would suddenly be cut off, inflicting a savage isolation upon us.

So, essentially alone, the Spanish Americans consider others with rare tenderness: some kill their fellowmen with kindness, while others investigate them with the double passion of science and poetry. An example of the latter is *El Laberinto de la Soledad* (*The Labyrinth of Solitude*), a volume of related essays by Mexican Octavio Paz, some of which were previously printed in the magazine *Cuadernos Americanos*, whose publishers have brought out the book.

Mexico is a country that has suffered from invasions by foreign powers from the days of Hernán Cortés down to General Pershing, and, just as much, from no less terrible domestic uprisings. In the hearts of nearly all Mexicans there is a keen yearning for the past grandeur of pre-Columbian times. Because of it, an almost ineradicable displeasure with everything that is not exclusively Mexican often develops, regardless of the fact that the concept of what is *exclusively* Mexican may be as much a fiction as "the German Soul" or *Hispanidad*.

The work Octavio Paz undertook demanded, then, the intellectual courage to analyze the whole of the author's own emotional environment. It is therefore a job that only a Mexican could have done, for it required intimate and complete knowledge of the profound depths of a people's soul, demanding at the same time sufficient sensitivity to record the tiniest quivering of that soul and enough impartiality to observe it with an anthropologist's objectivity.

Perhaps all chauvinistic attitudes stem from a desire, more or less admitted, to impose on mankind a new scale of values (particularly spiritual values) based on the defects of a certain people in an attempt to convert those defects into the highest virtues. Because of this, the anti-chauvinist's first duty is to expose the defects in the spiritual life of a people. When this is done and accompanied by a zealous study of the psycho-sociological origin of those defects and their probable cure, as in *El Laberinto de la Soledad*, we have the kind of contribution we can expect from every genuine patriot. How much each of our countries needs a book like this one of Paz's!

"Yes, we are locked up in ourselves," writes Paz. "We intensify our awareness of everything that separates us, isolates us, or distinguishes us. And our solitude in-

(Continued on page 48)

LATINS ON THE DIAMOND

(Continued from page 11)

batter's box twice waiting for one pitch in the ninth inning. When the ball did come, all the impatient short-stop could do was pop out feebly. Sometimes Connie is rather dilatory at the plate, too. In Chicago this spring he held up a game for five minutes while selecting a bat. He missed two tries to advance catcher Mickey Grasso around the base paths by bunting, then on the third pitch dropped a droopy but official hit over second base. He doesn't like to pitch in batting practice. Asked whom he considered the outstanding opposition pitchers, he named Cleveland's Bob Lemon and the Yankees' Vic Raschi.

At home, Connie likes riding horseback around the countryside, but he hasn't bothered with the city park variety here. He has three sons back in Cuba. The eldest, eleven-year-old Rogelio ("Roy"), is already a professional pitcher himself, as he proudly announced after winning an out-of-town game. An impressed bystander, he explained, gave him a dime.

Lean, slatlike Sandalio Consuegra was born thirty-one years ago in the same province of Santa Clara. He played on boys' teams and then for Matanzas in the amateur league. In Mexico he appeared as a professional from 1946 through 1948; in 1949 he played in Maracaibo, Venezuela, and for the Nats' Havana Cubans. Last year he won eight and lost two for Havana and had a 7-3 record with Washington after being called up to the parent club. His major league debut was an auspicious shutout against Chicago. This winter he pitched for Mariano, but conserved his energy, working only once every ten days.

Sandy has a faster ball than Marrero, and a snapping curve. His delivery is with a straight-over-the-head motion that comes down like a bird of prey in a sudden fell swoop. He is a fast-working pitcher, slamming the old ball in there almost as soon as he gets his signal, but usually with good control.

Slim, five-foot-eight Julio Moreno, the third Washington Cuban moundsman, hails from Havana province and is thirty years old. He also began as an amateur, around 1938, and started his professional career at Veracruz, Mexico, in 1945. The next year he went back to Cuba with the Marianao club in the winter and the Havana Cubans of the Florida International League in the summer. He has also played with the Cienfuegos winter team. With the Havana Cubans last summer, before coming up to Washington in September, Julio won sixteen and lost four, with the lowest season earned run average in all U.S. organized baseball—1.47. At Washington he won one and lost one. He was twice acclaimed champion pitcher in Havana. Moreno relies principally on his fast ball. His wife and cute five-year-old daughter Diana are with him in Washington for the summer. Diana likes the game, but keeps track of it better when they are in Havana, where she knows more of the players.

At twenty-four, Willy Miranda is the youngest of the troupe, a native of Velasco, Oriente Province. In school he played first base on the Colegio de los Hermanos



Luis Olmo (right) and Luis Márquez, Boston Braves outfielders, play at home in Puerto Rico during winter

Maristas school team, then from 1943 to 1947 was with the telephone company's club in Havana. Since then he has been in the United States, playing for two Senators' farm teams, Sherman-Dennison, Texas and Chattanooga, Tennessee. He batted .248 last year and played in the Southern Association all-star game. In the winter he was in the Almendares line-up. Introducing him on the radio as he made his brief but efficient appearance when Vernon was injured at Cleveland, Arch McDonald called him "the sweetest fielder you ever saw" and "a great man with a glove." Willy has plenty of pepper, but with his small size lacks the power at the plate to win a regular starting position. Moreover, he had the tough luck to injure his hand in spring training. He calls hunting his favorite recreation.

We chatted with the Washington Cubans in *La Hollywood*, Raúl Alamo's barber shop at Fourteenth Street and Columbia Road. For years the genial Cuban Figaro's emporium has been a favorite gathering place for Spanish Americans of all professions—diplomats, military attachés, businessmen, ball players. They love to drop in and talk about anything and everything. Once in a while one of them even gets a haircut. When the boys first came up to Washington last year, they didn't know much English, and Señor Alamo helped them get the hang of things. Marrero and Miranda live in rooms over his shop when they are in town.

Like all Cubans, the ball players swear that Washington's summer heat and humidity are far worse than Havana's. They also notice the cold at night games early in the season, but they are well used to the bright lights from their Havana experience.

Last year Bob Ortiz, another Cuban, was with the Senators and served as interpreter whenever necessary. Actually, even though the pitchers speak little English, they do know the basic vocabulary of the game, which is much the same all over. Still, it is handy to have a man to go out and cheer up a pitcher—and give him a few minutes' rest—in his own language. From his years in this country, Miranda knows English well and can handle any crisis. So does the newly acquired catcher, Mike Guerra, and when he is shouting instructions to the boys on the mound in Spanish, maybe some of the other clubs will want to hire some of those famous simultaneous interpreters to find out what's going on.

While Guerra was their erstwhile opponent, the Nats' Cubans used to have lunch with him whenever the Bosox hit town. He knows them well, for he is the manager of the Almendares club in the Cuban winter league.

A thirty-six-year-old campaigner, Mike appeared in a Washington uniform as far back as 1937—for one game—then packed up and went back to Havana. After bouncing around Cuban clubs and the minor leagues, he rejoined the Nats in 1944 for three seasons, then played three years with the Philadelphia Athletics. The Nats thought they were getting him back last winter, but in a mixed-up deal he ended up in Boston instead. When Al Evans, as a ten-year-man in the majors, refused to be shunted from the Red Sox to Louisville, the Nats seized the chance to bolster their defenses at the plate. Guerra is not a terrific hitter—he batted .282 last year—but his experience should help prevent costly errors like those that plagued the Nats when Grasso was suspended and had to be replaced by rookie catchers.

On Chicago's White Sox, Cuban pitcher Luis Aloma was credited with seven wins against two losses last year in a relief role. He is a big, six-foot, 180-pound right-hander. His Venezuelan teammate Chico Carrasquel, acquired from the Brooklyn interests in a shrewd deal last year, is rated one of the best young shortstops to be seen in many years. He hit .282 for Chicago last season. Cuban Oreste Minoso, whom the White Sox got in a three-way trade this year, started out in sandlot and high school ball at Matanzas and joined the negro New York Cubans in 1946. Last season he hit twenty home runs in compiling an average of .339 for the San Diego Padres. Given up by Cleveland in that club's attempt to bolster its pitching staff, Minoso needs polishing on his fielding, but has a bright future. His first appearance perked up the Comiskey Park box office totals.

At Cleveland, relief pitcher Jesse Flores from Guadalajara, Mexico, appeared in twenty-eight games last season,

Guillermo ("Willy") Miranda, rookie Cuban infielder with the Washington Senators



being credited with three wins and three losses. Second baseman Bob Avila hit .299 for Veracruz last year.

The Boston Braves' Luis Márquez is one of the fastest men in the game. At Portland, Oregon, last season he took the stolen-base championship with thirty-eight larcenies, while batting .311 and knocking in eighty-six runs. Born in Aguadilla, Puerto Rico, he came up through the Puerto Rican winter league and the National Negro League in this country, where he was top batter in 1947. His compatriot and fellow-outfielder Luis Olmo (really Luis Rodríguez Olmo), from Arecibo, played with the Brooklyn Dodgers from 1943 through 1945, then went to the Mexican League but was reinstated at Brooklyn in 1949 and traded to the Braves last year. He has one world's series homer to his credit, in 1949 for Brooklyn, and managed the championship team in Puerto Rico this winter. The New York Giants' Ray Noble is another graduate of the New York Cubans. Catching for Oakland, California, last year, he hit .316.

Besides the big-league and other professional players, there are many more ball players all around Latin America, in amateur clubs that compete for an international crown. Many of these are maintained by promoters or private companies—for instance, one of Caracas' leading clubs bears the name of *Cervecería Caracas*, a local brewery.

The U.S. national pastime is welcomed by our neighbors with no fear of Yankee imperialism. But leave us not forget the ladies, as Leo Durocher might say. Who do you think was pitching for the Fort Wayne Daisies against the Racine Belles in the pre-season exhibition games in Washington and Baltimore last month? None other than those talented Cubans, right-handed Mirta Marrero (no relation of Connie's) and "Lefty" Isabel Alvarez.

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HOMETOWN, BRAZIL

(Continued from page 8)

life, working in offices, factories, stores, and schools. Though they seldom appear in some public places such as bars, they look very pretty, walking two and three abreast up and down the main street, Avenida Afonso Penna, gazing covetously into shop windows and darting furtive glances at the young men who stand along the curb earnestly discussing politics, soccer games, existentialism, and women.

Belo Horizonte is a students' town; the state university draws them from all over, and, as often happens in Brazil, the men usually solve their housing problem by sharing houses called *repúblicas de estudantes*. Belo Horizonte is also a studious town; there are no gambling casinos, few race tracks or places of evening entertainment besides movie-houses and a few nightclubs. The men often spend their spare time compiling specialized dictionaries, writing short stories, and composing essays on Jean-Paul Sartre. My paternal grandfather, one of the town's first pharmacists, used to engage in the unprofitable hobby of translating Longfellow into Portuguese; my other grandfather, who had thirteen children but otherwise led an uneventful life, tutored university students in Latin, and could recite from memory long passages out of Virgil's *Aeneid* or Homer's *Odyssey* as he tenderly rolled his own cigarettes in little patches of straw paper.

Most of Belo Horizonte goes to bed around nine o'clock, when the town is shrouded in silence. Once two patrolmen met on their night beats, and after standing for a while in that pall of quietude, one commented, "It's just silly to go on patrolling. Let's go home"—which they promptly did. But the night-time quiet is sometimes deceptive, for the town has been the scene of strange crimes; even before it became the state capital, it had an impressive record of weird happenings. More recently, there occurred in Belo Horizonte one of the few recorded cases of actual hermaphroditism. Some years ago one of its young citizens who had always been considered a girl turned out, after delicate surgery, to be quite a normal, personable lad, who subsequently married one of his—or "her"—former girl friends. As far as is known, they lived happily ever after. In view of such phenomena, Brazilians sometimes say that when an oddity item appears in a newspaper, chances are the dateline will be either the U.S.A. or Belo Horizonte. Probably the explanation lies in the very manner in which the town grew and thrived: as in the case of a child who "grows too fast," certain quirks were more or less bound to develop.

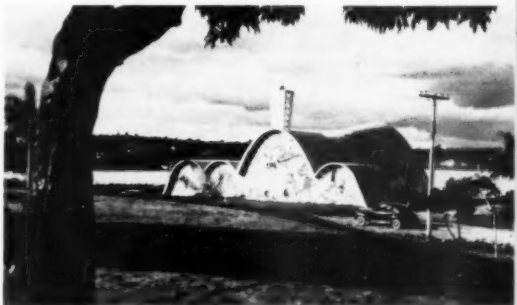
Belorizontinos are proud of their town almost to the point of chauvinism, and are fond of commenting, "Now you don't really have to go to Rio for anything except to see the sights. We have everything right here." This, of course, is not precisely true; if you want to see a play or bet on the horses or hear world-famous concert artists, you must go to Rio or São Paulo, for, as one Italian resident of Belo Horizonte once said, "... *questa specialità non si trova in Belo Horizonte.*"



Above: In landlocked state capital, youngsters flock to pools like this one at Minas Tennis Club



Right: Yacht Club on Pampulha lake is typical of that suburb's modern architecture



Brazilian architect Oscar Niemeyer designed the controversial church at Pampulha, decorated in tile by Cândido Portinari

Years ago, going to Rio was not only considered necessary to be a real cosmopolite, but was also quite an expedition. The only transportation between the two towns used to be the *Estrada de Ferro Central do Brasil*, the railroad that connected Rio and Belo Horizonte by three daily trains: two night expresses and one tantalizingly slow day coach. The cars were wooden, even the sleepers, and the trains rocked so much that quite frequently the passengers, especially women, got ignominiously seasick. Mothersill's Seasick Remedy was widely used, only it was called simply "seasick," or, in *belorizontino* vernacular, something like "sisseek."

We children loved the trains; I remember nostalgically the mystery of the *noturno* looming impressively in the

night, raring to go; the gay tinkle of the bell that rang promptly five minutes before departure as the cue for well-wishers at the station to start repeating, over and over again, "Don't forget to write," or "When you go to the beach, watch those waves!" This was followed by a second bell, then a dramatic, spine-tingling whistle from the engineer's cabin; next the slow, cautious start and, as we stood in the little narrow corridor in the sleeper, the large letters, "BELO HORIZONTE, ALT.: 895 METROS," on the station platform; the city lights flickering, and later on in the night the dim blue bulb left on in the roomette. Next morning there was "room service" breakfast of sliced orange, coffee with hot milk, delicious fresh bread with unsalted butter and marmalade. A few hours later, the first signs of Rio's outskirts hove into view—factories, huge two-decker buses, electric commuters' trains, throngs of people in a hurry, big-city smells, and then the dramatic entrance into the big station. . . .

On display in Belo Horizonte you can still see the first locomotive that brought people and materials into the new-born town; for four years it toiled, pulling a dozen little wagons that moved the earth dug by thousands of busy workers, or bringing in bricks, stones, and cement. That little locomotive was tenderly nicknamed *Mariquinhas* (translatable, perhaps, into "Little Old Mary"), and when *belorizontinos* see it on exhibit, they are reminded of the enthusiasm and effort that went into the building of their capital city.

Today the trains are much better, with aseptic steel cars; and some people take to the air. You can now reach Rio on any of many daily flights in 75 minutes, instead of 16 hours by rail. The highway, too, has been slowly improving, so one can leave Belo Horizonte in the early morning and have dinner in Rio (except in the rainy season, when stretches of road often become seemingly endless swamps; sometimes your car gets bogged down and must be pulled out by a team of oxen).

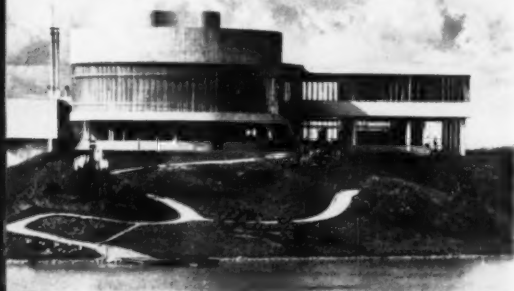
There are still other innovations. When they needed a larger reservoir, *belorizontinos* got ambitious, damming up a small river to make a huge artificial lake. Then they built an elegant residential community—Pampulha—around it, with its own nightclub, yachting club, and a modern temple with such unorthodox murals by Cândido Portinari that the Catholic Church has

steadfastly refused to consecrate it. For a long time landlocked Belo Horizonte had next to nothing to offer swimming fans—its one public pool, a dismal indoor affair, was in the *Ginásio Mineiro* (the public high school), and the creeks in or near the town were hardly adequate. Then in the 1930's a dynamic mayor gave his full backing to the creation of a tennis club with a swimming pool. The town's youngsters took to the water readily and were soon competing in, and winning, national championships.

Some of the streets still have blocks paved with cobblestones; and because the town is hilly, younger citizens like to ride their bicycles down these unevenly paved blocks. The grass that sprouts between the stones is conscientiously trimmed by the city sweepers; often flowers will peep through, only to be mercilessly nipped along with the weeds. The city has a reputation for being garden-like and is also known for its cleanliness. (Garbage, *belorizontinos* will tell you proudly, is collected daily, burned, and turned into fertilizer). Flowers are encouraged where man has meant them to grow, in the parks and plazas and gardens, but are sternly frowned upon where they have no business blooming. And how they bloom! The whole city of the beautiful horizon is alive with them in the Brazilian spring, especially in September; later, on December nights, the sweet, penetrating aroma of *dama-da-noite* (lady of the night), which is fragrant only after dark, and the cheerful chirp of cicadas everywhere announce the arrival of summer with its hot, dry days, and cool evenings, interspersed with dramatic January downpours. Around the governor's palace grows a variety of rose called *mil maravilhas* (a thousand wonders), blood-red and exuberant.

The palace stands at the northern end of the *Praça da Liberdade* (Liberty Square), a large, rectangular, palm-lined plaza divided into two identical oblong blocks of gardens, benches, ponds, and trees, with a street between them, and flanked by government buildings and streetcar tracks. Traditionally, young men and women meet there evenings, particularly on Sunday. Years ago, the boys used to walk down one of the blocks, the girls down the other, for all the world as if they were unaware of each other's presence. Sunday evenings the brassy tunes of a police band would blare out of the bandstand as if taunting their self-conscious stiffness. But times change, and Belo Horizonte did too. It is not known whether it was the boys or the girls who first crossed the stern Rubicon of that street; but now they walk together and on clear nights can even be seen holding hands.

During the day, the *Praça*, as it is commonly called in Belo Horizonte, is a meeting place for children and their mothers and nurses—"Along the Versailles-gardens, the naïveté of velocipedes," as *mineiro* poet Carlos Drummond de Andrade said. In my own childhood days it was great fun to feel that the whole *Praça* belonged to me and my playmates; to play cops-and-robbers among the trees; to peep into the first floor of the bandstand, where the gardeners kept their rakes and shovels and trimmers and shears in business-like tidiness;



Pampulha casino, used as restaurant since Brazil outlawed gambling

to watch them earnestly at work on the perfectly geometrical patches of lawn and in the rose-beds; to stand by the ponds full of quick red fish glistening as they swam in the sunlit water; to try the benches placed at intervals, each with a tin-plate advertisement for a department store ("Parc Royal, a Melhor e a Maior Casa do Brasil"—"the best and largest store in Brazil"). Somehow, the Praça is a symbol of Belo Horizonte—something carefully premeditated, scrupulously maintained, spotless with an air of permanent newness, and yet quite sad and dull. In another poem, called *Jardim da Praça da Liberdade*, Andrade—this contemporary, shy and strangely humorous poet—caught the mood of the place:

.... Landscape without background.
The earth bore these flowers without pain.
Without resonance,
The passing minute
blossoms in unconscious bloom.
Too pretty. Without humanity.
Too literary.

Garden of the Praça da Liberdade.
Versailles between streetcars.

In the frame of circumspect government buildings
the grass' intelligent grace
tidies up the dream of all green things.

DO NOT STEP ON THE GRASS
Better, perhaps, to have said
DO NOT EAT THE GRASS
A vigilant Town Hall
Watches over the little plants' slumber
And the policeman's black coat is a flag in the night
full of government employers.

Suddenly a black band
red, shiny, perspiring
bursts into an exciting tune
in the garden's
sweetness.

Frightened fountains scurrying.

More conventional than Niemeyer's is architecture of
São José Cathedral, Belo Horizonte -



FOR YOUR RECORD LIBRARY

RECOMMENDED by Pru Devon, Producer-Commentator, "Nights in Latin America," Radio Station WQXR, New York; and Evans Clark, whose well-known record library supplies most of the music.

1. **SI YO PUDIERA** Mexican Ranchera
POR QUE TE VAS Mexican Canción Victor 23-5350
The extremely popular and typically Mexican sisters, Las Padillas, give one of their reliably authentic performances. The *ranchera* is raucous enough, and the slow, sentimental rendition of the *canción* offers an interesting contrast.

2. **NO VUELVAS, MARIA** Mexican Vals
ES MUCHISIMO MEJOR Corrido Victor 23-5318
Another perennial Mexican favorite, Juan Arvizu, sings these two new songs with orchestra. Perhaps the fact that this recording was made in Argentina contributes to the feeling that the flavor of regional Mexico is missing. However, Sr. Arvizu's singing is delightful, and both melodies are very catchy. Those who have heard *Maria Bonita* (sung by Pedro Vargas, Victor 23-0633) will notice a striking intentional similarity in the refrain of the waltz. The *corrido* is hearty and exuberant.

3. **YA NO TE QUIERO** Bolero
UN SOLO CORAZON Bolero Victor 23-5319
Most of Victor's releases for this month were from Mexico. These two boleros are admirably suited to your more romantic moments, featuring the attractive, seductive singing of Lupita Palomera.

4. **JOROPO TUYERO** Venezuelan Joropo
CARAQUEÑA GENTIL Venezuelan Vals Columbia 5375-X
Both selections are composed, sung, and accompanied by the most typical artists in their respective fields in Venezuela. The *joropo*, brisk and sparkling, clearly demonstrates the dance's rapid, virile drive. The waltz is about as far removed from its Viennese prototype as possible. You will find Lorenzo Herrera's voice anything but dulcet and seductive, but his tone and style are characteristic of the *llanero*, or plainsman, and his rendition is completely authentic.

5. **SAETAS** Spanish Canto Flamenco
ALEGRÍAS Spanish Canto Flamenco Columbia 36178
La Niña de los Peines is undoubtedly one of the most famous of recent Spanish Flamenco singers. In *Saetas* (literally, "arrows"—of song) her voice rises shrill and intense above the somber background of trumpets, cornets, tambourine, and drums. This is the ancient Easter processional music of Spain sung throughout Holy Week in Seville. Huge platforms, carried shoulder high by a dozen or so men, represent the episodes of the Passion, and, from time to time, the heavy marching feet come to a standstill for the piercing *coplas* sung by the leading Flamenco singer of the moment. *Alegrías* is both song and dance, accompanied by heel-stamping and snapping of fingers. Invariably performed to guitar accompaniment, there are inevitably various complex changes of syncopated rhythm.

6. **NO ME QUIERAS TANTO** Bolero-Canción
SIN UN AMOR Bolero Columbia 6297-X
The Los Panchos Trio should need little introduction to readers of this column. Month after month they have been turning out extremely successful boleros, whose fame promptly spreads throughout Latin America. Two of the personable young men are Mexican, the third is from Puerto Rico. Their performances nicely blend the two styles and their choice of material is similarly influenced. In this disc, the *bolero-canción* is by the well known Puerto Rican composer, Rafael Hernández. Very, very smooth.

7. **FLORES DEL ALMA**
TODO TE NOMBRA Argentine Tango Decca 21082
Either the first side was erroneously labeled, or the recording company's sense of humor completely ran away with them, for *Flowers of the Soul*, a Spanish language burlesque of *The Red River Valley*, turns out to be a hilarious satire on U.S. hillbilly singing. The tango is unusually melodious, played by the excellent Francisco Canaro.

VIRGIN OF POPAYAN

(Continued from page 29)

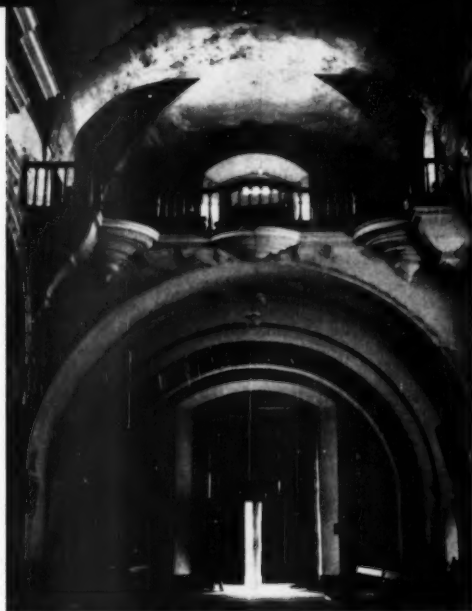
newel post, and on the balustrade, amid intertwining grapevines, leafsprites are worked into a clean-cut design with the precision of metalwork.

The side retables shine with their original gold and colors untouched; canvas paintings hang on the walls in their Baroque frames, rich with gilded patterns and corner ornaments. The main altar has been considerably changed, though some of its statues remain from colonial times. Like a great screen, it spreads across the entire end wall of the nave; in the center, filling the upper arch, stands a huge cross, behind which a stiff canvas curtain closes the *camarin* off like a stage.

Seen from the outside, this *camarin* is a separate bay, built of brick, so large that it might be mistaken for an apse. Access to it is through a narrow passage behind the altar, over the catacombs of the monks, and up a narrow, dark, winding stair cut into the thick brick walls.

Inside the spacious, friendly upper chamber, bathed in crystalline light from the lantern of a dome, is a life-size winged figure. She seems to float, weightless, on a silver crescent moon. The base is a great silver globe, some three feet in diameter, bound with gilded lacelike bands. Out of these sprouts an immense silver lily. A serpent winds about the moon. One foot of the figure rests on its body, the other seems poised to tread on its neck. With her right hand she aims a golden javelin at its head, and her left arm and the cloak swing out, responding to the movement. Her powerful outspread

Wood carving, clean-cut as metal work, forms stair railing of pulpit



Noble vaulting marks Popayán church interior, looking toward main entrance

wings are of silver, and a silver crown in filigree rests on the slightly bent head; heavy, star-shaped earrings hang from her ears. The figure is clothed entirely in gold, each garment—robe, surplice, and mantle—differentiated by the manner of tooling in its large flowing pattern, tinged with color.

This splendid statue, called by the faithful *La Inmaculada*, the Immaculate Conception, is revealed only at certain seasons. The photograph shown here is the first taken of her.

Here we meet the apocalyptic vision of John from chapter 12 of Revelation interpreted with reference to the Virgin. She appears not only as the woman crowned with stars and provided "with two wings of a great eagle that she might fly into the wilderness," but also as an active participant in the "war in Heaven." How consciously and conscientiously the apocalyptic symbolism was followed in this representation is evidenced by the inclusion of the "flood" that "the serpent cast out of his mouth after the woman," painted on the dome of the *camarin* and unmistakably identified by the ark floating on the limitless waters beyond her head. Her statue is so placed that the sun falls on the golden weapon, and the open hand seems only to guide it toward its goal.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, this aspect of the Virgin in statuary occurs only in South America. That its symbolism was understood is clear from the fact that it was often repeated; a number of such statues are still extant in Popayán and Quito, Ecuador. Its full symbolism, however, is revealed only in this example at Popayán, where the javelin—the key to its identity—has survived. Through its human charm and the superb rendition of the symbolic act, the figure has great appeal, even for the onlooker with no religious interest in it or iconographic curiosity.

DOLLARS AND SENSE

(Continued from page 6)

price-fixing, with a similar provision for cases when special circumstances prevent prior consultation; decisions will be subject to discussion at the request of an American state claiming that its interests are adversely affected. The Latin American countries, some in particular, insisted on prior consultation in all cases. But they fell in with the idea, presented by the U.S. delegation, that special circumstances might sometimes make this impossible, not only for the United States, but even for the Latin American countries whenever they find it necessary to clamp sudden, drastic controls on imports.

Another measure that is the fruit of past experience is contained in Resolution XXII dealing with the liquidation of emergency stocks. It was agreed

to establish a common policy so that the return to normalcy will not cause dangerous disturbances in the markets and prices of the products of American countries accumulated by the governments during the emergency,

and that

the liquidation of emergency stocks shall be carried out gradually and step by step, in consultation with the producer countries, in order to avoid abnormal disturbances in the world markets of the aforesaid products.

Of course, the Meeting of Consultation did not solve all inter-American economic problems directly related to the emergency. The Foreign Ministers sought, as in the cases of the purely political resolutions, to establish a

Venezuela sends oil. Lake Maracaibo with its underwater wells is one of world's richest sources of "black gold"



rule of conduct for joint action during a particularly trying period of preparation for collective defense. Such a policy was adopted. Tomorrow, for example, an American nation could not refuse to cooperate in economic matters with its neighbor on the grounds that during the emergency cooperation must be limited to projects directly related to the defense effort. But, on the other hand, it is under no greater obligation to cooperate than before the Meeting. Nor would it now be possible for one country to find its interests accidentally prejudiced by the distribution of export quotas and be told that nothing could be done because the matter was settled. Nor can any American State build up huge stocks of a particular strategic commodity and later flood the market without consulting with other interested American States. And so it goes. These agreements, of course, do not have the contractual force of treaties and do not require the approval of the national Congresses. But since they were arrived at in good faith and by a joint appraisal of the situation, we can depend on their being fulfilled with a high sense of responsibility.

Over and above all the written declarations there was a mutual benefit that does not appear in the minutes of the Meeting. Everyone who took part in the discussions acquired deep insight into the situation of the other countries, became intimately acquainted with their problems, and came to appreciate the tremendous difficulties they will have to overcome to reach the goals that might seem less complicated from a distance. No small share in this benefit fell to the country with the greatest economic power—the United States. Its experts took excellent advantage of the opportunity to study the international ramifications of measures, plans, and projects they had previously considered only in domestic terms. From now on we may be sure that the Latin American point of view will be taken into account in U.S. Government deliberations, without its being voiced by the sister republics' diplomatic spokesmen.

The Inter-American Economic and Social Council played a very important role. Its report on emergency economic problems, carefully prepared over a long period, and distributed to the various governments before the Meeting began, served at all times as a guide. On more than one occasion the specialists who accompanied the Foreign Ministers and took part in the work of Committee III adopted its proposed solutions for the most difficult problems. Moreover, many of the projects the various governments presented for consideration were suggested by the Inter-American Economic and Social Council report. It is not surprising, then, that the Meeting confidently entrusted to the Council itself the task of carrying out arduous investigations that will form a significant part of its work in the near future. This pooling of effort by a permanent agency and the specific meeting, which has also occurred between the OAS Council and recent inter-American conferences, both in the preparatory work and in putting the various decisions into effect, is one of the best ways to give continuity and significance to the work of the Organization. Once again it has proved itself.

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 2



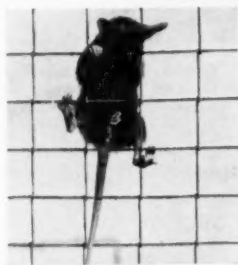
1. Latin American metropolis pictured here lumps together more broadcasting stations (twenty-nine) within its limits than any other city in the world. What city is it?

2. River town of Guayaquil, chief seaport and commercial center of Ecuador. Is it on the Guayas, the Magdalena, or the Orinoco?



3. Last Emperor of the Aztecs was Atahualpa, Cuauhtémoc, or Powhatan?

4. Rare West Indian mole-like animal, the *solenodonte*, dines on insects, lives short life (about one year) in hollow logs, dead trees. Is he found chiefly in Guatemala, Haiti, or Bermuda?



5. Corn Islands, circled here, are under \$3,000,000 ninety-nine-year lease to U.S. Government to protect Panama Canal and rights to inter-ocean canal across Central American country to which they belong. What country is it?



6. Bones of celebrated conquistador lie in this cathedral at Lima, Peru. Was he Magellan, Cortés, or Pizarro?



7. Renowned Brazilian soprano, noted for her renditions of folkloric songs, especially *Meu limão, meu limoeiro*, is Olga Coelho, Bidú Sayão, or Carmen Miranda?



8. Present Prime Minister of Canada is W. L. Mackenzie King, L. S. St. Laurent, or the Earl of Athlone?



9. Bay at Watling Island in the Bahamas is named for Columbus, who made first landing in New World there. Is the island's Spanish name San Salvador, El Salvador, or Salvador?



10. South America's smallest republic built its Legislative Palace from native marble. Name the country.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DAISY, DAISY

Dear Sirs:

We are a young couple with a small daughter about to make a bicycle trip through Central and South America. Since *AMERICAS* is so widely read, we feel that we can reach a larger segment of people through publication of this letter in your magazine and hope you can help us locate a male companion or couple who would be interested in taking this trip with us.

We plan to leave New York in September of this year bound for Mexico and points south, and anticipate traveling for about twelve months. During this time we plan to do some writing and a great deal of photographic work. For the trip we will use a tandem for ourselves and a sidecar for our little girl.

Anyone interested should get in touch with us at the address below.

Sol and Gloria Kuttner
649 Bryant Avenue
New York 59, N. Y.

SEANCE

Dear Sirs:

. . . I wish to call your attention to a phrase in the English version of my article, "Argentina Through Prints," in the March issue: "I have been told by Alejo B. González Garaño. . ." This could not have appeared in the Spanish original, since Sr. González Garaño died several years ago.

Jorge Pinette
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Our apologies to Dr. Pinette. The sentence should have read: "According to Alejo B. González Garaño. . ."

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Dear Sirs:

Emilio González López' study of "The Landscape in Literature" [March *AMERICAS*] makes me think of the much-translated novel *Maria*, by Jorge Isaacs, which Sr. González does not mention. In my opinion, apart from the delicate romance he describes and the customs of the people of the Cauca Valley, the finest part of the book is the landscape description. "The sky, the horizons, the plains, and the peaks of the Cauca silence those who behold them," Isaacs says in one of the opening pages of his novel. . . .

The whole literature of this Colombian valley is steeped in the sentimentality inspired by nature, and the landscape is always present in the literature of any *caucano*. *Tierra del Alma* (Land of the Soul), a poem by the Cauca poet Carlos Villafañe, is a song of deep love for that privileged region's exuberant landscape. Another great Cauca Valley poet who wrote a poem inspired by the natural beauties of his land was Ricardo Nieto. . . .

Enrique Naranjo Martínez
Boston, Massachusetts

AS OTHERS SEE US

Dear Sirs:

After I finished reading "Havana, Cambridge, and Return" [March *AMERICAS*], which is a fine piece of reporting on a heartwarming subject, I dipped into "Points of View" and read Fernando Sabino's acid remarks on New Yorkers and "the characteristics of an entire civilization." I admit his comments are diverting—he is a clever, sophisticated writer. But he lacks the penetration and understanding to brush aside superficialities and learn the essential character of the people, which is why New York was an "empty city" to him. . . . I don't like gum-chewing either, but it does not obscure for me the fact that a gum chewer may have a character far superior to the man with impeccable manners.

I encourage you to continue printing articles that are frankly critical of conditions as they exist in the Americas. We North Americans have many faults, which should be exposed. All I ask is that every biased, untenable criticism be answered in the magazine. Controversy is healthful for any publication, and especially for one that circulates to people of widely differing cultures.

Marcella Hurley
Chicago, Illinois

STAMP OFFER

Dear Sirs:

I know of many people in this part of Europe who were interested in *AMERICAS'* philatelic page and lament its long absence from the publication. I myself would like to exchange stamps with any of your other readers who might be interested. I can offer them stamps from Europe, the colonies, and other countries, together with all the guarantees, in lots of 100, in exchange for an equal number of Latin American stamps (old or new).

Joaquín Baéa
37, Av. Georges-Clémenceau
Le Vésinet (S.-&O.) Paris, France

THE MEXICAN MIND

(Continued from page 39)

creases because we do not see out our fellow-countrymen, whether for fear of seeing ourselves in them or because of a painful defensive feeling in regard to our inner selves. The Mexican, with a propensity for sentimental effusion, avoids it. We live absorbed in thought, like those taciturn adolescents . . . possessors of who knows what secret, guarded by a sullen manner, only waiting for the propitious moment to reveal itself."

"Man," he adds in another chapter, "takes an active part in the defense of universal order, which is ceaselessly threatened by what is formless. And when that order collapses, he must create a new one, this time his own. But exile, expiation, and penitence must precede man's reconciliation with the universe. Neither the Mexicans nor the people of the United States have achieved that reconciliation. What is more serious, I fear we may have lost the very meaning of all human activity, which is to assure the rule of an order in which conscience and innocence, man and nature, coincide. If the Mexican's solitude is that of stagnant water, the North American's is that of the mirror. We have ceased to be sources."

Although strict and at times perhaps even too severe, this analysis of the Mexican temperament is certainly bracing, something which is always necessary and today so rare in critical thinking. When a country is capable of producing a writer who, like Octavio Paz, succeeds in portraying its defects so clearly, it must be concluded that those very defects, although still as corrosive as ever, are on the point of disappearing.

Of course, when we speak of a whole country and in historical terms, this disappearance may still be a long process. But when someone—and undoubtedly there are other critics like Paz in Mexico—has the integrity, independence of judgment, and prudence required to undertake a study like this, the root of the characteristic national faults is withering away.

Perhaps Octavio Paz, who continually shows himself perceptive in his book, does not realize that his very presence marks the way out of the labyrinth. At any rate, he knows that at that exit lie "abundance, re-union, which is repose and happiness, harmony with the world." He is likewise aware that, like his own, each country now finds itself in a labyrinth, lacking authentic myths and seeking them, that is, seeking "a society that will not make man a tool. . . . A human society."—*E. L. Revol* EL LABERINTO DE LA SOLEDAD, by Octavio Paz. Mexico City, Editorial Cuadernos Americanos, 1950. 195 p. \$1.00



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